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DISCARDED SON;

OR,

HAUNT OF THE BANDITTI:

A Tale.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

BY

REGINA MARIA ROCHE,

AUTHOR OF THE

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY; MAID OF THE HAMLET; VICAR OF LANSDOWN; TRADITION OF THE CASTLE; MUNSTER COTTAGE BOY; CASTLE CHAPEL; TRECOTHICK BOWER, &c. &c.

Thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man who Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are they
Whose blood and judgment mingled are so well
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please.

SHAKSPEARE.

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DISCARDED SON.



"When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul,
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature?—Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?—Hence, from the bounteous walks
Of flowering Spring, ye sordid Sons of Earth,
Hard and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!"

THOMSON.

HERE Osmond was interrupted by a low but most malignant voice, exclaiming—
"Stuff—nonsense—folly!"—and looking up he beheld Mr. Raymond at the elbow of his lady, where, from this exclamation, he supposed he had been stationed some time.

"After wasting, in the ridiculous manner you have done," he proceeded, addressing himself to his wife and daughter, "the moments you should have devoted to repose, I presume, ladies, you will not attempt to annoy me again with complaints of being fatigued."

Confused and disconcerted beyond expression, Osmond started up, and returning the Manuscript, on which such polite animadversions had been made, to his pocket, precipitately withdrew to a distance, lest otherwise, if he longer listened to Mr. Raymond, he should be unable to repress, in the manner he wished, out of respect to the feelings of his lady and daughter, the indignation his conduct inspired him with.

"But, for his brutality to them, the hour of remorse will yet, I make no doubt," he said to himself, "arrive.—The blessings heaven bestows upon us are seldom, if ever, underrated, or disregarded with impunity."

As soon as his emotion had a little sub-

sided, he repaired to Felisco, the heat being by this time a good deal abated, to inquire whether he was not thinking of getting the horses ready.

"No," Felisco replied, "not for another hour, at least;" as it was better to defer the renewal of their journey, than, when once recommenced, loiter on the road.

Again, therefore, Osmond wandered away to indulge his own thoughts. The approaching separation between him and his fair companions was what now principally occupied them; for once across the Appennines, which, now that they were so near Venosa, they should shortly be, and he doubted not losing their society—(It should here be mentioned, that Mrs. Raymond had given him to understand they were journeying to Naples, with an intention of continuing there some time)—the supercilious conduct of their ungrateful relative precluding a hope of a further intimacy being allowed between them, with such sentiments as he entertained for Miss Raymond, he could not but acknowledge it was better it should be prohibited, since so hopeless of ever being able to aspire to her hand. Still, however, the idea of this could not, in any degree, reconcile him to the thoughts of no more seeing—of no more conversing with her; for, alas! what the reason approves, the heart does not always subscribe to.

Convinced that the longer he suffered his thoughts to dwell on her, the more unhappy he should be, he endeavoured to detach his ideas, by reviewing her father's conduct towards him; the rudeness, the dislike which it manifested—a dislike for which he was wholly at a loss to account, surprised, as much as it disgusted him; as did also the profound attention with which he frequently saw him observing From his manner (but that he knew they had never met before) he would have been tempted to imagine that either he had been so unfortunate as to inspire him with injurious suspicions, or else to have mortally offended him.

That the mother and daughter would feel some little regret at the breaking off of all further correspondence, he could not help thinking, and the thought at once pleased and pained him, since, while he wished to live in their remembrance, he shrunk from the idea of being the source of any uneasiness to them.

His reverie was at length interrupted by Mactalla calling to inform him the horses were ready. He hastened to the spot to which he had been summoned, and to his surprise found Mr. Raymond mounting his horse, totally regardless of his daughter. His lady in no one instance, had he treated as an object of any importance to him. It may readily be supposed, Osmond did not neglect so favourable an opportunity of paying her attention. assisted her on horseback; but though an equally favourable one occurred for conversation with her and her mother, Mr. Raymond being, perhaps by his contrivance, separated from them by the intervention of Mactalla and the French boy,

they rode on for a considerable time in silence. At length Mrs. Raymond made an overture to break it, but from the languid tone in which she spoke, it was evident to him originated more in a fear of giving him offence, should she act otherwise, than from real inclination.

That this langour was principally owing to the effect her husband's neglectful, or rather tyrannical conduct had on her spirits, Osmond could not doubt, and this idea revived his indignation against him—an indignation not lessened by the corresponding melancholy that appeared in the manner of Miss Raymond. He smothered it, however, and exerted himself to the utmost to divert them from unpleasant reflections.

The beauty of the prospects that now came immediately under their observation, the characteristic qualities of the Italians, and the perfection they had attained in the respective arts and sciences, were the subjects they now chiefly conversed on.

"But if Italy was infinitely less delight-

ful than it is with regard to scenery and climate, still," continued Osmond, following up the observations he had made on both, "the reflection of its having formerly been the seat of the triumphant rulers and conquerors of the world, to whom nations bowed, and ages yet to come will celebrate, could not fail of rendering it interesting."

- "Assuredly," said Mrs. Raymond; "nor, in a contemplative mind, would the sensations it is calculated to excite be lessened, perhaps, by the striking contrast there is between its present and former inhabitants."
- "In some instances, perhaps, they may have degenerated," returned Osmond; "but if inferior to them in the rougher arts, they certainly equal them in the softer."
- "As, for instance," cried Miss Raymond,
 "with regard to painting and statuary,
 they stand unrivalled; and music, their
 eminence in that delightful science has

justly occasioned their country to be styled the land of harmony."

"They are, indeed, justly celebrated for all," returned Osmond. "In their paintings, nature herself seems to mingle the colours; and as to their statues, they appear only wanting a second Prometheus to make them start into animation."

"And what does Mr. Munro think of nature's own productions here?" asked Mrs. Raymond. "In short, what does he think of the beauty of the Italian ladies, a natural question you mustallow for a female?"

Osmond bowed and smiled.—" I have certainly," he replied, "thought nature prodigal to such of the Italian ladies as I have yet seen. Nevertheless, I am told that beauty is not more prevalent here than in other countries; that here will often be sought in vain that charming combination of colours, and delicacy of form, which the eye of man demands, when it contemplates the softer sex; not mine, however, always, I candidly confess, since I think beauty

depends infinitely more upon expression, than this combination of colours; at least, the finest complexion, the most delicate features, would fail of interesting me, if unindicative of mind. When true to its movements, then, indeed, Nature has completed her work, and the heart of man," (he glanced perhaps involuntarily at Miss Raymond as he spoke) "must pay homage to it."

- "And yet it has been observed," said Mrs. Raymond, "that it is difficult for a woman of great sensibility to be perfectly handsome, since sensibility by its delicate motions, necessarily deranges the proportions of the face."
- "True; but how captivating is the expression which it substitutes for insipid regularity!"
- "I agree with you in thinking so," said Mrs. Raymond;" the finest face in the world would fail of interesting me, if devoid of animation."
 - "I love those fugitive graces," as an B 5

elegant writer styles them, "which of one amiable person form twenty."

"Of the Italian ladies it has been remarked," resumed Osmond, "justly, I make no doubt, that from the natural sweetness of their manners, and mellifluous tone of voice, they could not fail of pleasing, even though not possessed of any very particular personal charms."

In this way they continued to converse for some time, till, at length, their approach to a steep and rugged declivity recalled them to a sense of danger.

On descending this, they found themselves, after proceeding some way, through flowering thickets and embowering shades, on the edge of a narrow river, margined on one side with low rocks, bespread with moss and brambles; and on the other by lofty hills, wholly covered with wood. The solemn grandeur of this sylvan scene was heightened at the hour by the rich glow the setting sun shed over it, and the gorgeousness of the evening clouds that floated through the blue expanse, shifting into the shapes of visionary beauty, in which it required no great stretch of imagination to pourtray the antique tower, with shady domes and pinnacles adorned, or hills of wide extent, that rose or sunk as sportful fancy listed.

The travellers, pursuing the course of the river, proceeded in a road, bounded at one side by the water, and the other by tremendous precipices, forming, from their ruggedness, a striking contrast to the woody hills on the opposite shore. savage aspect of these, however, was for some time prevented having the effect it was so well calculated to produce, namely, that of inspiring melancholy and terror, by the pastoral music heard in every direction, of shepherds collecting and returning homeward with their flocks, to fold them for the night. But as these cheerful, and from the indications they gave of not being out of an inhabited tract, welcome sounds died away, and the soft shadows of evening began to give place to the deeper shades of

night, apprehension gradually resumed its empire over the minds of the party, and Mr. Raymond bitterly inveighed against Felisco, for delaying the renewal of their journey so long. Felisco, however, contended that they should reach Venosa in very good time, and that had they recommenced their journey sooner, they would have found the horses unable to carry them.

Osmond, for some time, succeeded tolerably well in keeping up the spirits of his fair companions; but, at length, a rising wind, and darkening clouds, giving intimation of an approaching storm, they became completely alarmed.

Osmond, on their account, now anxiously demanded of Felisco, whether, should a tempest overtake them, they could obtain any shelter from it?—To which Felisco replied—"Very indifferent, if any." Adding, however, by way of consolation, that he thought it would blow over.

In this opinion Osmond was for some time inclined to concur, from the continual



dispersion of the dark clouds which had gathered in the horizon, and the sinking of the wind; but, at length, all hope of its passing away in the manner he wished, was annihilated by a sudden flash of lightning, and a tremendous burst of thunder, stunning to the sense, as in horrid uproar it was repeated from rock to rock, and down the dells of the mountains, the clouds all the while illuminated, and emitting fire. This awful spectacle was quickly succeeded by a torrent of rain, which presently forming cascades, in the hollows of the cliffs, the road became nearly inundated by them in their progress to the river, which now, with foaming fury, lashing its banks, completed the horrors of the scene.

The dreadful situation of the ladies, sinking beneath terror, and the violence of the storm, made Osmond again call out to Felisco, to entreat him to find some shelter for them.

"Do, my good fellow," cried Mr. Raymond, in a tone very different to that in

which he had heretofore addressed him; "do, for I protest," (heightening the dislike Osmond had conceived to him, by convincing him his concern was all of a selfish nature) "I fear, if much longer exposed to the storm, I shall never get over the effects of it."

- "Aye, aye," exclaimed Felisco, in a reproachful tone, "'tis now that a service is wanted, my good fellow, and my honest fellow, but to-morrow I warrant it will be, you stupid fellow, and you impertinent fellow."
- "By blessed St. Benedict, Felisco," cried Mactalla, impatiently, "but this is no time to be ripping up old sores; the question now is, do you know of any place into which we can thrust our heads?"
- "Why, if lonesome shelter be not objected to, I can lead you through a cleft in the mountains," answered Felisco," to a ruined monastery, at no great distance."
 - "Any thing, any thing," eagerly re-

plied Osmond; "lead on, my friend, for the storm, if possible, is becoming still more violent."

- "What strange company," said Mactalla, falling to the rear, and riding close to his master, as they followed Felisco to the ruin, "do misfortunes sometimes introduce a man to! why, signor, do you know, the building we are going to is full of dead friars and nuns?"
- "Well," observed Osmond, "we cannot be in better—at least quieter company."
- "Somehow such company is not, nor never was, by any means to my mind: I don't at all relish taking refuge amidst the dead."
- "Would that we had nothing to fear in this world," said Osmond, "but from the dead."
- "You are of opinion, then, signor, that the dead cannot molest us."
- "Assuredly I am of opinion that the man whose conscience is void of offence towards God and man, has nothing to

dread from the inhabitants of the other world."

"Oh, then, if that be the case, I'll pluck up my courage; for thanks to the Powers, my conscience, I believe, is as fair and as clear as most of my neighbours; and moreover, before I left Acerenza, I settled all accounts with it; not, indeed, I must do myself the justice to say, that it was overburthened at the time, but when a man has an opportunity, he may as well rub out scores of that kind as not."

A short time brought them to the ruin, which the vivid lightning, that every minute played around them, still followed by rumbling peals of thunder, permitted them to see was an immense, but completely dilapidated fabric.

On alighting, the ladies, Mr. Raymond, and Osmond took refuge under a porch, until Mactalla and Felisco had collected some sticks, when the latter striking a light, the materials for which he had fortunately furnished himself with at the castle, they advanced into the interior of

the building, preceded by their attendants, with each a flaming brand. After making their way with difficulty over broken flags, and heaps of rubbish, they found themselves in the body of the chapel, amidst long-drawn aisles, and far-extended arcades, overrun with weeds, and where their situation was scarcely less comfortless than it had been without, the roof being in so decayed a state as to admit the rain in many places.

Notwithstanding this, however, the fear-ful gloom of the place rendered the ladies unwilling to advance in quest of another, better calculated to afford them shelter—At length the angry remonstrances of Mr. Raymond, backed by the gentler representations of Osmond, on the fatal consequences that could scarcely fail of resulting from their continuing in one so damp and cheerless, induced them to go in. Accordingly, penetrating through the obscurity of the chapel, they beheld an elevation of several steps, which ascending, they found themselves in a spacious hall,

ending in a narrow passage, terminated by a small apartment, still in good preservation, and affording besides a place capable of having fire.

Mactalla and the French boy were immediately dispatched for fuel, and Felisco for some clothes belonging to the party, which he had contrived to get into his hands at the castle, and put up for them. As soon as these were brought, and the fire kindled, Osmond withdrew to give the ladies an opportunity of changing theirs; and leaving Mactalla and the boy, as guards at the door, repaired with Felisco to see after the horses, and look out for some shelter for them.

After a tiresome search, they at last found a place for them at the rear of the building. On returning to it, Osmond examined the entrance, and finding a door still attached to it, with an inside fastening. availed himself of this, to close it up, and thus prevent any disagreeable surprise.

He had the satisfaction of finding his companions as comfortable as existing circumstances would permit, the fire by this time emitting a blaze that thoroughly lighted the room, and some old benches having been discovered in a corner, on one of which Mactalla had spread the remainder of the provisions.

For the anxiety he had manifested about her and her daughter, Mrs. Raymond now evinced her gratitude, by paying him every attention in her power. Nor was she regardless of his humble friends, on their retiring, out of modesty and respect, to the farther end of the room; she insisted on their approaching the fire, and participating in the comforts they had been the means of procuring.

Very different to hers was the conduct of Mr. Raymond; for the exertions which had been made in the present instance to serve him he appeared not more grateful than he had done before.

The instant Osmond entered the apartment, he started from the fire at which he had been standing, and having previously taken refreshment, ordered Felisco to



spread out upon the floor the remainder of the things belonging to him and the ladies, upon which, wrapped up in a roquelaure, he found amongst them, he lay down to repose, having first, however, taken care to satisfy himself that one or other of the party would keep watch.

Osmond advised the ladies to follow his example: their minds, however were too perturbed to permit them, the horrors of this night too strongly resembling that of the night in which they had fallen into the hands of the banditti, not to make them tremble with apprehension of its terminating in a similar manner. Osmond exerted himself, and was seconded by Felisco, to banish this apprehension, representing the little probability there was of banditti lurking about so unfrequented a quarter as the present, and the still less there was of their being pursued by those they had escaped from, in a direction where they must be aware there was but little likelihood of being able to trace them.

- "Well, I trust, at last," said Mrs. Raymond, "that what you say may be the case, for I acknowledge I am not ambitious of figuring away again as a heroine of romance."
- "I now find, indeed," added her fair daughter, "that it is much pleasanter to read of, than to meet with adventures."
- "Why, certainly," said Osmond, "I confess there was a little too much of the terrific in yours to permit them to be agreeable."
- "Yet now that they are, I trust, over," rejoined Mrs, Raymond, in something like a tone of gaiety, "I don't know that I much regret them, they have furnished me with so complete a tale of wonder for my friends. My only objection to relating it will arise from my fear of its being considered too much in the Munchausen style to gain implicit credit."
- "But as a consolation, reflect, my dear Madam, that the more it is doubted, the greater is the estimation in which your imagination must be held."



"True," she returned, "I did not think of that before. Yes, I shall certainly content myself with the idea of gaining admirers, if I don't believers."

"The former, madam," with a bow and a smile, said Osmond, "I am certain you can never find it difficult to obtain."

"Except," cried she, returning his smile, "Where there is a deficiency of taste."

" Exactly so," he replied.

After a little further conversation of a desultory nature, Mrs. Raymond finding her bona sposa had fallen asleep, proposed to Osmond, since they could not follow his example, and were, as he conceived, in no danger of being disagreeably surprised, that he should finish the manuscript, her curiosity being strongly excited, she said, to hear how the repentance of Carlo ended.

Osmond, by a bow, signified his readiness to obey her wishes; and having seen that there was sufficient fuel at hand to keep up the fire some time longer, drew

forth the manuscript, and, with the mother and daughter seated beside him, and Mactalla and Felisco, by the express command of the former, at no great distance, and convenient to the fire, proceeded as follows—

"Lovely as Isabella was, and greatly as his soul adored her, there were moments when, writhing under the tortures his knowledge of her had given birth to, in which Carlo wished he had never seen her—a wish, however, which always ended in wonder and repentance, for ever having formed such a one.

While Montana lived, Isabella, he resolved, should never quit the mansion in which she had been brought up—a resolution which was productive of additional torments to him, so importunate was she to be taken to Naples, after the decease of her parents—an event that took place soon after her nuptials.

Carlo was compelled to have recourse to various falsehoods, to excuse his not at-

tending to these importunities, but in vain he endeavoured to reconcile his lady to continue in her present residence; yet not so much from weariness of its solitude, or the affecting remembrances it was calculated to keep alive, did Isabella desire to quit Clarizio, as from motives of vanity. knew she was fair—she loved admiration; and at Naples she was convinced her thirst for this would be amply gratified. To the idolizing Carlo, however, who, on every occasion, regarded her with a lover's eye, these, her real motives for desiring to visit that celebrated scene of luxury and pleasure, remained unknown; he believed her to be as perfect in mind as she was in form,"

"Here follows," said Osmond, after a pause of some minutes, during which his eye wandered over the manuscript, "a chasm of considerable length; but which, I imagine, does not materially interrupt the story, as, from a few words scattered throughout, I fancy it was merely filled

pp with an account of the circumstance that betrayed to the knowledge of Montana the treachery of his friend."

"Ah! I apprehended his obtaining that knowledge," cried Miss Raymond—" poor Carlo, I tremble for him."

"But I am sure, my dear girl, you must acknowledge he merits punishment," observed her mother; "deceit and ingratitude are crimes of the blackest dye."

"I attempt not to excuse him," returned Miss Raymond, with an air of confusion; "but we often pity where we cannot forgive."

"True," returned her mother—" but we delay Mr. Munro."

Osmond bowed, and then went on-

"But I will be convinced—thoroughly convinced," cried Montana, as he traversed with disordered steps, the solitary chamber, to which he had retreated, on hearing of the perfidy of his young, and hitherto highly-esteemed friend, "that Carlo has deceived me, ere I accuse him of baseness, so revolting to my nature is

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the idea of the apology I should think it incumbent to make, did I revile him without cause. I will visit him at Clarizio—on the evidence of my own senses will I alone acquit or condemn him; should he prove the traitor he has been represented, why then,"—he paused—his dark eyes rolled gloomily in their orbits, and fell upon a dagger—"Why then," viewing, with a ghastly smile, the shining instrument of destruction, "that shall avenge me!"

He tried to hope he should find Carlo innocent; but when he reflected on the tenor of his conduct since his marriage, the strange and confused excuses he had made, for not accepting any one of the many pressing invitations he had given him and his lady to Naples, and the equally ridiculous ones he had offered, for not sending him one in return to Clarizio, he feared—greatly feared, he should find himself disappointed in this hope.

With the utmost secrecy, that, if injured, his intended vengeance might not be

frustrated, he set out for his friend's mansion.

The crush of worlds could not have astonished Carlo more than the information of his being at his gate. His feelings, on the occasion were aggravated by the restraint he was forced to impose upon them.

With counterfeited, he flattered himself well counterfeited joy, he hastened to give him welcome, but he was mistaken. Ill at dissembling, and taken beside by surprise, every look, every gesture, betrayed the inward workings of his soul; and left the keen penetrating Montana, almost the instant he cast his eyes upon him, without a doubt of his being the villain he had been represented.

It was night when he reached the castle of Clarizio, and he retired to his magnificent apartment without seeing Isabella; for at the first intimation of his approach her husband had conjured her to retire to her's nor leave it till she had seen him, promising the moment they again met,

to assign his motive for this seemingly strange request.

The instant he was at liberty, he flew to her, and at her feet unburthened his heart of the anguish that oppressed it; confessed the perfidy her charms had caused him to be guilty of, and, in the name of love, implored her to keep herself out of the view of Montana.

Isabella listened to him with astonishment, and a mixture of pleasure and pain. Her vanity was gratified by the convincing proof his conduct had given, of the power of her charms; yet, at the same time, mortified to think she had been prevented achieving so noble a conquest as Montana would have been, his fortune and family being the first in Naples; and with him, therefore, she reflected, she should have enjoyed all those pleasures she had so strong a propensity for, and for the privation of which she no longer considered the love and attentions of Carlo a sufficient recompence.

Carlo saw she was displeased, but owing

to an inadvertent expression which escaped her, imputed being so solely to the false expectations with which he had inspired her, relative to Montana, of whose intention to marry he could no longer keep her in ignorance.

The positive promise he required, to seclude herself while Montana was their guest, he could not obtain. Nevertheless, from the high opinion he entertained of her prudence, and the sincere affection he imagined she felt for him, he had no apprehension of her acting contrary to his wishes; and under the pleasing hope of the storm he dreaded being averted by her compliance, he met Montana the ensuing morning, with something like his wonted tranquillity. Short-lived was this tranquillity. At the very moment he was apologizing for the non-appearance of Isabella, under the plea of indisposition, a soft strain of music caused Montana to start with precipitation from him, and hasten to a distant apartment. With all the wildness and agitation of alarm, Carlo followed, uncertain whether the strain proceeded from Isabella, or one of her attendants. His faculties became suspended by the shock he received, on finding it was from her.

She introduced herself to Montana with all that winning sweetness, that simple elegance for which she was distinguished—a sweetness and elegance, that had her beauty been infinitely less than it was, would still have rendered her a most attractive object.

For a minute Montana was so overpowered—so dazzled by her charms, which
never shone more brilliant than on this
morning, so great were the pains her vanity had induced her to take to set them
off, that he was unable to speak or move.
Then recollecting the necessity there was
for dissimulation at present in every instance with Carlo, in order to prevent any
obstacles being thrown in the way of the
revenge he meditated taking, he excited
himself to subdue his emotion; and being
an adept in what poor Carlo failed in,

namely, the art of disguising what was passing in his mind, soon succeeded in quieting his apprehensions, and lulling him into a dangerous security.

The ungovernable passion he conceived for Isabella, almost the instant he beheld her, made him rejoice at having what he looked upon as a fair pretext for dispatching her husband.

A few days after his arrival at Clarizio, he proposed the amusement of the chace in the adjacent forest."

- "Here follows another break," said Osmond, "but of no great length, as the purport of the succeeding lines evince."
- "Montana contrived to separate his unsuspecting host, by whose side he took care to keep, from his attendants, and on gaining a gloomy part of the forest, remote from that in which the chace was pursuing, he complained of faintness, and proposed alighting. Carlo, of course, immediately dismounted, and hanging the

bridles of the horses upon a tree, they penetrated still further into the bosom of the forest, Montana, with well dissembled weakness, leaning on the arm of the credulous Carlo.

On a sudden he paused.—" You grow worse, I fear," said Carlo, looking anxiously in his face, over which the dreadful passions, then labouring in his soul, had cast a ghastly hue, well calculated to inspire a belief of his being indisposed.

"I do," replied Montana, speaking with affected difficulty. "Is this part of the forest totally uninhabited?"

- "It is," returned Carlo, in a dejected tone, conceiving the inquiry owing to his requiring other assistance than he had the power of rendering him.

"Heard you not something this instant?" asked Montana, grasping still more firmly the arm on which he leaned.—
"The bugle horn of the hunters perhaps."

"No," answered Carlo; "it was not the horn of the hunters, but the bell of the Chapel of Clarizio you heard striking."

- "Thy knell!" vociferated Montana, in a voice of thunder, and at the same instant plunged a dagger in his heart.
- "Die, traitor!" he exclaimed, as Carlo, on the withdrawing of his arm, staggered, and fell back. "Die, and to aggravate the pangs of death, know, that she for whom thou hast incurred this blow shall be mine—mine ere the grave has well hid thee from her view—mine too, with the consciousness of my hand having precipitated thee into it. O fool, for a weak, fickle woman, to lose such a friend—to provoke such a foe, as I am!—Fool, to hope, stripling as thou wert, thou couldst outwit me, or, having done so, elude my vengeance!"
- "The blow was merited," said Carlo, in accents scarcely intelligible; "but my youth—the powerful temptation, should have been considered as extenuations of my crime. My"——Isabella he would have added, but died with the loved name hovering on his lips.

At the very moment, as was afterwards

ascertained, that his repentant spirit forsook its tenement of clay, Isabella, as she sat alone, contriving new decorations for the charms which had occasioned this dreadful catastrophe, was shocked and alarmed by a deep groan, as of some one in mortal agony within her chamber a circumstance, as she was rather inclined to superstition, which led her to imagine some evil was at hand. Her presentiment, however, of this by no means prepared her for what had happened.

After the perpetration of this execrable deed, Montana lost no time in rejoining the attendants; and having slightly wounded his arm, and completely discomposed his dress, in order to give colour to the tale he had fabricated, to impose upon them, informed them that he and their Lord had been suddenly beset by banditti, from whom he had most miraculously effected his escape, but without being able to afford any assistance to his friend.

They soon succeeded in finding the body of their murdered and beloved Lord;

his black hair drenched in gore, his manly features distorted by death.

But though Montana had been able to impose upon their credulity, he had not been equally successful in imposing upon that of their Lady, owing to her superior. knowledge of his character, and of the reason he had to be dissatisfied with Carlo. But though convinced he was his murderer, she was so equally certain, that to accuse him without being able to bring forward unquestionable proofs of his guilt, would only be to involve herself in additional trouble, that she prevailed on herself to be silent with regard to her real opinion, solemnly, however, at the same time determining, if such proofs as the above ever fell in her way, not to neglect availing herself of them.

Her affection for her Lord, though not so fervent as it had once been, owing to the levity of her disposition, was still too sincere—too animated, not to make her bitterly deplore his death, especially when she reflected that she had been accessary to, or rather the occasion of it, by acting as she had done, in opposition to his wishes—the wishes of him, whose gentleness, whose tenderness, whose uniform study to promote her happiness had given him such claims upon her affection: she could not dwell upon this soul-harrowing idea without experiencing a degree of horror and remorse, that at times almost tempted her to lay violent hands upon herself.

Montana made several attempts to gain admission to her chamber, all of which she repulsed with horror and disdain; he was not, however, discouraged by this conduct; he was persuaded he knew her, better than she knew herself, and doubted not, therefore, her yet enabling him to accomplish his prediction to her dying husband.

On the day which beheld the remains of the youthful and once lovely Carlo consigned to the tomb, a domestic picked up a dagger in the forest, which, not doubting to have been the one wielded against him, he delivered, as in duty bound, to his lady, hoping it might be the means of enabling her to trace his murderer.

With shuddering horror, Isabella, as soon as she was left to herself, approached the table, on which, by her command, it had been laid, and minutely examining it, discovered, immediately beneath the handle, a small crest of the Montana family. This confirmation of her horrible suspicions for a few minutes threw her into agony. Then dropping on her knees - "May this dagger," said she, grasping it between her trembling and uplifted hands, "be sheathed in my heart, as it was in thine, oh Carlo! if I exert not myself to bring to punishment the cruel perpetrator of thy death."

The room door was burst open as she spoke. She started up to chide the abrupt intruder, and beheld Montana.

"Away, murderer!" she almost unconsciously exclaimed, shrieking, and shrinking back, on beholding him"away! let not my eyes be blasted by the sight of my husband's destroyer!"

Montana, however, was not to be awed from her presence: the storm which assailed him on forcing himself into it, neither surprised nor alarmed him; spite of it he maintained his ground, and with all the bold effrontery of hardened guilt, persisted in denying the crime of which she accused him.

His solemn protestations, however, of innocence shook not her opinion of his guilt; but though he failed of changing that opinion, strange, nay, horrible to relate, he succeeded in appeasing the resentment it inspired. His artful blandishments—his seductive wiles—his insinuating flattery—his specious eloquence, at once dazzling and fascinating, gradually subdued her rage, by leading her to believe it was alone owing to the irresistibility of her charms that he had raised his hand against the life of her husband. In short, gratified vanity disarmed just indignation, and Montana was pardoned, on

account of the motives to which she imputed his guilt.

I will not, Laura, needlessly lengthen this narrative by commenting on her conduct—a narrative I am at times almost tempted to think it idle for me to continue, so great is my uncertainty of its ever reaching your hands. My health is declining fast, and if not transmitted to you before my pilgrimage is ended, there is but little probability that it ever will; for here no kind friend is at hand to catch my last faltering accents, or pay obedience to my dying wishes—but to proceed—

Isabella—the vain and perjured Isabella, became the bride of Montana, ere, as he had predicted, the marble jaws of Carlo's sepulchre were well closed upon him.—The passion which had induced him to ask her hand, was, as he had himself foreseen, from his perfect knowledge of the inconstancy of his own disposition, but of short duration. The contempt in which he held her for the levity of her conduct—



a contempt which precluded his placing the smallest confidence in her, and made him conceive her unworthy of bearing his name, hastened its extinction; as did still further, the horror with which at times her base ingratitude to the memory of Carlo caused him to view her, who, though he had offended him, had not offended, but adored her.

Weariness was shortly succeeded by a resolution to rid himself of her, and thus make room for some other female, more deserving of his esteem, and the honour of perpetuating his name. Yet fickle as he was, and by this time hardened in iniquity, this was a resolution he probably never would have formed, but for the dreadful opinion he had conceived of Isabella, in consequence of her acceptance of the hand which she was conscious had shed the blood of her husband, and that too without any passion to plead in extenuation of the crime she was guilty of; for well Montana knew he was no longer an ob-

ject calculated to inspire love, faded and injured as his appearance was by the licentions life he had long led.

After their nuptials, he had taken her to Naples; they now returned to Clarizio, its solitude favouring the designs he meditated against her life. Though unsuspicious of these designs, Isabella felt a terror she could not account for, at the thoughts of remaining there any time with him—a terror not diminished by the mournful air of desolation, the neglect it had experienced from the period of their departure had occasioned it to wear.

The affecting remembrances her return awakened, were all that at this period was wanting to complete the excruciating anguish repentance and regret gave birth to; both of which Montana, in all their bitterness, had made her experience, ere she had been long his wife.

Scarcely had she alighted from the carriage which conveyed her to the beloved scenes of her early youth—the scenes of all her happiness with Carlo, ere a thou-

sand tender recollections rushing on her soul, she fled, with an irrepressible cry of despair, to the chapel where his remains reposed.

Already the gloom of closing day pervaded it, involving the remote parts in a fearful obscurity, and heightening the melancholy appearance of such objects as were distinguishable.

Isabella paused beneath the porch, awed by the dim light, and a consciousness of unworthiness, from entering the holy place. Her eye, however, eagerly darted forward to the tomb of her husband. She shrieked; for at the instant a beautiful effigy of herself, bending in a mournful attitude over the recumbent figure, tottered, and fell down.

"Oh, Carlo—beloved Carlo!" exclaimed the now nearly frantic Isabella, rushing forward, and prostrating herself before his tomb, amidst the fragments of her broken effigy, "is this—is this to indicate that thy pure spirit will hold no converse with mine in the other world?—

Oh, if so, revoke the cruel determination; let the voice of anguish—the sincerity of my repentance, move thee to take compassion on me. Intercede for me with him, ye whose happy spirits mingle with his in the regions of the blest—intercede for me with him," turning, by degrees, on her knees towards the monument of her parents, where stood their effigies.

Again she shrieked and shrunk back; for a rising wind rushing furiously through the chapel, at the moment, shook the time-struck edifice, and for a moment made her imagine the figures about falling to crush her beneath them for her guilt.

"Oh, woe is me!" she cried, "abandoned of all," and smiting her fair bosom, she again prostrated herself on the ground.

—Her heart ascended in fervent prayer to Him whose ear is ever open to the cry of wretchedness and penitence. The warmth of her devotion by degrees a little calmed the perturbation of her spirit; she reflected on the remission of sins, promised

to the penitent, and a gleam of comfort stole athwart her mind.

She was suddenly interrupted by a noise; she looked up, and beheld at some distance a faint light, resembling that which shaded tapers give. By degrees it cleared, and discovered to her view the figure of a man, leaning against an open door at the side of the chapel.

Concluding him an attendant sent by Montana for her, and who, from unwillingness to disturb her devotions, had left his taper outside the chapel, and remained silent, she immediately arose; but lest she should be mistaken, she inquired whether it was as she supposed.

He replied by bending his head, and extending his arm towards the door,

Isabella nodded.—" I understand you, she cried; "lead on, I follow to my lord."

He obeyed by gliding out before her, and led through several windings and turnings, to a remote apartment, in which Montana sat, and at the door of which he vanished, she knew not how from her sight.

On entering, she was alarmed, by Montana fiercely demanding, as he started from a couch on which he was reclining, what had brought her there?

His commands, she replied, in an humble and affrighted tone, his brutality having intimidated her—a brutality occasioned by his rage at having been broken in upon, at the very moment he was deliberating on the safest method to himself of putting her to death.

- "Tis false," he returned, his eyes gleaming, his lips quivering; "I sent no message."
- "I understood from one of your attendants you had done so," she returned, in still more submissive accents than she had before spoken in.
- "Let me know which of them," with increasing fury, he cried, "had the audacity to utter so impertinent a falsehood?"
 - " None of them," she replied; " it was

only from the gestures of the man I concluded you had sent for me."

"Then now that you know I did not, away!" he cried, "and let not your vanity again deceive you into a belief that I desire your company; I have already had too much of it—more than I ever will again," in an under tone, he added, and with a look of dreadful meaning.

The wretched Isabella withdrew from his presence in tears, but tears more of sorrow than indignation. With trembling steps she proceeded towards the apartment she was wont to occupy; but ere she reached it, the memorials she every where beheld of departed happiness so worked upon her feelings, that in a paroxysm of anguish she cast herself on the ground.

As she wept she fancied she heard herself called; she raised her head, and beheld, at a distance, the person who had disturbed her in the chapel.

It instantly struck her that Montana, repenting him of the savageness of his recent conduct, had sent to request her to return—a request which nothing but the awe she stood in of him, his society, by this time, being quite as hateful to her as hers was to him, could have induced her to think of obeying.

In much confusion at being thus surprised, she started up, and finding the supposed messenger did not speak, desired to know whether he had been sent for her?

A bow was again the only way in which he replied to her.

"Nay, my friend," said she, in a mild accent, "you must speak, lest otherwise I again mistake your meaning—say, are you sent for me?"

After the pause of a minute, a low but most emphatic voice replied—" I am."

Isabella directly returned, though with the greatest reluctance, to Montana; but what was her amazement, when on again appearing before him, she heard herself reviled with still greater fury than she had before been for intruding on him!

- "Strange," said Isabella, roused to something like indignation, by his contemptuous treatment, "that you should call that intrusion which you have yourself desired; I made your messenger assure me this time I was sent for, ere I came."
- "Who is this impertinent—this lying messenger of whom you speak?" demanded Montana, with increasing fury.
- "One of your own hirelings, I suppose," returned Isabella; "and what is more," added she, with kindling eyes, "one who, like his master, has, I conclude, committed some deed that makes him fear to shew his face, as he took care not to let me catch a glimpse of it."
- "Hah, insolence, and to me!" exclaimed Montana.

Isabella in terror attempted to retreat; but suddenly grasping her arm, he flung her to another part of the room, and immediately locked the door.

"Nay, you shall not stay," cried he, returning to her. Then, with a malicious

grin, (when a man has any mischief in his head, how readily does the devil furnish him with an opportunity of committing it!) twisting, as he spoke, one hand in her long floating tresses, and searching in his bosom with the other.

Isabella shrieked and struggled, for the hilt of a dagger gleamed upon her sight.

- " Monster!" she exclaimed, do you mean to murder me 5"
- "Do you not wish to be re-united to Carlo?" asked Montana, with a ghastly countenance, and chattering teeth.
- "I do," replied Isabella, panting with terror, "but---"
- "And so you shall!" vociferated Montana, drawing the dagger still further from his bosom.

Isabella again shrieked and struggled, but in vain, to disengage herself from his grasp.

" Your shrieks-your struggles are useless," said Montana; "we are remote from the other inhabitants of the castle; and

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even if we were not, who is there would dare to have the temerity to interfere between us? My soul has long been weary of you; and what I dislike I never endure longer than necessity compels me."

"Monster," cried Isabella, "have you no fears for your own life, if you deprive me of mine?"

"None," replied he, with the exulting smile of a demon. "The manner in which I shall account for your death will prevent any suspicion of my being the cause of it. Carlo left a widow to prosecute me for his murder, yet I suffered no punishment for it. Isabella, unlike him, leaves no tender relative behind her to inquire into her fate; what, therefore, should I fear on her account?"

As he spoke he drew the dagger from beneath his garment: for a minute he held it suspended over the head of his victim, then struck it to her breast—she fell, and he instantly hurried to the door, to make good his retreat from the blood-stained apartment. As he was extending his hand to open it, a strange mysterious-looking figure appeared before it.

He started back, at once alarmed and dismayed, for there was nothing in the chamber capable of affording concealment to any one; neither any door to it but the one he had thus been prevented reaching.

His panic, however, was but momentary; the recollection of his safety being at stake made him speedily recover himself, and rush forward for the purpose of seizing the intruder, and one way or other silencing him. But as he attempted to seize him, he eluded his grasp, yet, to his increasing amazement, without appearing to move."

"Stop, signor, stop," here interrupted Mactalla, in a hurried accent, and with his eyes almost starting from his head; "I thought I heard a noise!"

Osmond instantly started from his seat, and hastening to the entrance of the chamber, listened a considerable time, but without hearing ought but the pealing thunder, and the whistling of the wind through the crevices, and long-drawn passages of the building—

"A music of the night, that makes the teeth chatter, and nails turn blue."

"Your ear deceived you," he at length said, addressing Mactalla, as he resumed his seat, and, at the request of his fair companions, the manuscript.

"A sensation more powerful than terror now took possession of Montana; his feet became rooted to the floor—his eyes riveted on the mysterious stranger, whose features at length, which had hitherto been concealed by the intervention of his hand, became visible to him, and he beheld those of the murdered Carlo!—at the same instant his coloured vest gave place to a shroud, which falling from his left breast, disclosed a gaping wound!

The blow inflicted on Isabella was not immediately mortal. The dreadful groan

which burst from Montana, at this moment, caused her to unseal her eyes, and she beheld the apparition that had so alarmed him. She instantly made an effort to rise and approach the spectre of her husband, but an unavailing one; the hand of death was on her, and chained her to the floor.

Dreadful shrieks, as of one in mortal agony, now resounded through the castle; the affrighted domestics immediately collected, and guided by these, repaired to the apartment where this horrid catastrophe had taken place.

They found their lady weltering in her blood on the floor, their lord transfixed and silent, his faculties apparently benumbed by horror.

Isabella lived sufficiently long to relate all that had recently happened, and the circumstances that led to it, as the last sigh hovered on her lips.

"The ways of Providence are just," said she; "let no one dare to arraign,

them; neither any to suppose they can sin with impunity. I prayed that the dagger which pierced the heart of my husband might be sheathed in mine, if I took not vengeance on his murderer, and my guilt in breaking the vow I made has been punished by the accomplishment of that prayer.

"Montana thought, from the precautions he took to avoid detection, his present crime would ever remain unknown, and yet scarce has it been committed, ere it has been discovered.

"Oh my friends, had the adornment of my mind occupied but half the time I devoted to that of my person, I should not now, in all probability, have been about dropping, like a half-blown flower, untimely blasted, to the grave. Pray for my repentant spirit, and remember that it is not for myself, but Carlo, I desire vengeance to be inflicted on that unhappy man."

Montana seized and

"The blaze is too feeble to permit me to read the little that remains," said Osmond.

"Mactalla, replenish the fire."

Mactalla drew closer to it, but without making any effort indicative of his having heard this order.

Osmond repeated it.

CHAP. II.

"The lowest and most abject thing of fortune Stands still in hope, lives not in fear. The lamentable change is from the best; The worst returns to better."

SHAKSPEAME.

MACTALLA replied, the fuel was exhausted.

"Then go out and seek for more," said his master.

Mactalla trembled.

"Felisco will accompany you," said Osmond, readily comprehending the cause of his tremor, and reluctance to obey him.

Felisco, however, shewed no greater inclination to move than he did. "What," demanded Osmond, turning his eyes on him, "have silly fears also laid hold on you?—Come," added he, starting from his seat, "follow me, and I will take care that no ghost or hobgoblin runs away with either of you whilst looking for wood."

He was prevented, however, quitting the apartment, by a gentle intimation from Miss Raymond, of her unwillingness for him to leave them. He directly re-seated himself, but almost unconsciously, so violent was the emotion this incident, trifling as it was, excited. What would he not have given at the moment, to have been able to satisfy himself as to the real motive of her reluctance to let him leave her!

"Oh should it proceed from anxiety for me!" he said to himself. He checked the presumptuous idea—he did more, he reproached himself for the exquisite pleasure it had given him, convinced as he was of the dreadful opposition which any sentiments of a tender nature on her part for him would experience from her father, and of consequence the unhappiness which must result to her from entertaining such.

"Oh, never, never may her soft bosom," he sighed to himself, "know a pang
on my account; dear and transporting as
I cannot deny to myself would be the conviction of her feeling an interest for me,
was I differently situated, 'tis what, under
my present circumstances, I should deem
myself a villain to desire—yes, aware as
I am of the insuperable obstacles fortune
has placed between us of its being all
one—

"I should consider myself lost to generosity, did I wish her to harbour a warmer sentiment for me than friendship."

By this time nothing remained on the hearth but expiring embers, which, as Mactalla and Felisco ever and anon stirred into a blaze, with the end of

[&]quot;That I should love a bright particular star,

[&]quot;And think to wed it."

their whips, served but to render darkness visible.

At length the faint light that emanated from these died away, leaving the party involved in impenetrable gloom.

"I dare say," cried Mactalla, not a little pleased at finding his master had ceased importuning him to go out for fuel, and trusting the observation he was about making would prevent his repeating the command, "that it cannot now be far from day."

"'Tis not possible to see the hour," said his master, "but I am inclined to think 'tis not so late as you imagine."

Miss Raymond pressed the spring of her repeater—it struck half past one.

- "What's that?" asked Mactalla, eagerly;
 "I heard something tick like a clock."
 - "Miss Raymond's watch," replied his master, "striking half past one."
 - "Blessed St. Benedict," in a dissatisfied accent, exclaimed Mactalla,, what a time we have to remain in this dismal place!"

It had been previously settled by Osmond and the ladies, that even though the storm should subside before daybreak, they should not till then quit the ruin, on account of the loneliness of the ways about it,

- "Be silent," said his master, in consequence of fancying he heard at the moment the trampling of horses.
- "What," cried Mactalla, repiningly, "is the only comfort one can have in such a situation as this, that of chatting, and thereby knowing one is in safe company, to be taken from us?"
- "Yes, especially when you seem inclined to talk nonsense."
- "Well," resumed Mactalla, after a short but general silence, "since this is the case, Felisco and I will go out and search for fuel, for any thing is better than remaining quiet in such a situation."
- "Silence, I say again," cried Osmond, in a more authoritative tone than he had ever before assumed towards him, occasioned by his now plainly distinguishing

not only the trampling of horses but the voices of men.

The reason of this injunction was quickly understood by the rest of the party, and their terror became unspeakable.

Osmond endeavoured to calm the fears of the ladies, although trembling himself with apprehensions for them, owing to Felisco having in a whisper informed him, that the horsemen they heard, and who were evidently approaching the ruin, were, he much feared, a party of freebooters, but too probably those they had escaped from.

In a few minutes the clattering of horses hoofs upon the flagged area before the building, announced them at hand, and shortly after a tremendous crash, that they had burst into it.

Osmond instantly dropped the trembling hand which Miss Raymond, no doubt unconsciously, had placed in his, and groped his way to the door of the apartment, to try whether there was any fastening to it. None, however, meeting his hand, he placed himself against it, and, in a low voice, called to Felisco and Mactalla to do the same. They obeyed, and Mr. Raymond, whom the noise, occasioned by the bursting open of the outer door, had awakened, and to whom Mrs. Raymond, in whispering accents, imparted the apprehensions they were under, also approached to lend his assistance in defending it.

The voices of the intruders were soon heard in horrid uproar echoing through the ruin, and their heavy steps in a few minutes approaching the apartment where the travellers were shut up.

A deep groan, followed by a low exclamation from Mrs. Raymond, now gave Osmond to understand that Miss Raymond had fainted. The pain this intimation gave him was rendered more acute, by his being withheld from rendering her any assistance, owing to his dread of being overheard.

"Prithee," suddenly exclaimed a voice, at no great distance from the chamber—a voice, which, to his inexpressible horror, Osmond immediately recollected to be that of one of the ruffians they had escaped from, "I say, prithee, Tivoli; dost think this ruin inhabited?"

- "Zounds, how should I know any thing of the matter?" grumbled out Tivoli; "the devil may have taken possession of it for what I know or care. It appears, however, as if it was, by the door being fastened on the inside, and which you may recollect the last time we were here we found open."
- "True," replied the first speaker, "that's what made me think so, and ask you the question, which caused you to growl so. D——n me, Tivoli, I see clearly you'll never learn complaisance."
- "Whilst I keep company with you, you should have added," said Tivoli.
- "Ha, ha, not badly retorted, you dog," cried the other; "I see you can cut with something besides your sword; but lest you should be too vain, let me tell you, Tivoli, your wit, like your sword, some-

times wants sharpening; 'tis dull—dull at times as——''

- "Your own," returned Tivoli, "granted, but that's only when there is not a tool at hand like you to whet it on."
- "Well said, my boy," shouted the other,
 "I see you improve."
- "I am sorry truth won't allow me to return the compliment," said Tivoli.
- "Well, well, no matter," said the other; "instead of prating in this idle manner, had we not better search about to try whether the place be inhabited or not; as, if it be, we may chance to light upon something comfortable, which, after the cursed drenching we have had, we stand much in need of. One would almost be tempted to think the devil owed us a grudge, from the dreadful storms we have lately been overtaken by."
- "Nay, no one that knows you could be tempted to think he owes you a grudge," cried Tivoli, "since they must know he has not any where a more faithful servant."

"Yourself excepted," returned the other,
"for I think he has quite as much reason
to be pleased with your services as he has
with mine: but again, I say, this is idle
talk; let's hunt about to try whether there
be any thing living within the building
beside ourselves and the rats."

"Hunt about as much as you please by yourself," cried Tivoli, in a more surly accent than ever, "for curse me if I bear you company, I am already so fatigued by the rate at which we have rode; beside, upon reflection, I am convinced that the door being closed was owing to the wind slapping it to, and thus causing the bolt to shoot; for, to my knowledge, the country people in the neighbourhood hold the place in too great dread to think of entering it, at least after sunset; and as to travellers, you know 'tis entirely out of any beaten tract."

"Aye, aye," assented the other, "I suppose you are right; I know as well as you that the simpletons about it think the devil holds his court in it sometimes, which

to be sure, considering who its former inhabitants were, one can't be much surprised at their doing."

"I wish with all my heart he had those in his clutches who have occasioned our being in it now," said Tivoli. "Our captain deserves to be poniarded for not having put his prisoners to death at once; if he had, what a troublesome business would have been saved us!"

"Well, well, take my word for it, he has learned wisdom," rejoined the other, and should be excused now, for not doing what you think he ought, since who could have supposed such a trick would have been played him?"

"Why not such a numskull as you, to be sure," cried Tivoli; "but for my part,
I never placed any confidence in that fox,
Felisco; I saw all along he was d—n—bly sly and deceitful; and as to that velvet-tongued dog he called his friend, by the lord they are birds of a feather."

"Nay, as to my not suspecting them," said the other, in a tone which proclaimed

him somewhat displeased by these observations, "I think it no disparagement whatever of my sagacity not having done so.—Here's Rivorofa, who all must allow as keen as a hawk, and yet he had no distrust whatever of them."

"No, that I hadn't," exclaimed a new voice; "but with all their cunning, I think we shall yet be a match for them, now we've got scent of them. What a lucky thing our inquiring of the shepherds as we came along! by the lord, I long more to have that traitor, Felisco, by the pole, than ever I did to rob a cardinal; for it was he, I am convinced, who contrived their escape, and proposed their cutting across the country, in the manner they have done. Those who pursued them the straight road have already, I suppose, relinquished the chace, and returned home."

"No doubt," said Tivoli, "and mad enough, I warrant, at having had only their pains for their trouble."

"I mean," cried Rivorola, to entreat the captain, as a particular favour, to let me have the settling of Felisco myself. As soon as I have tired myself torturing him, I shall flea him alive, as St. Bartholomew was."

- "And I," said Tivoli, "in order not to let his friend Mactalla have reason to complain of being treated in a less handsome manner, shall broil him on a gridiron, like St. Lawrence: as for the rest of the party, we'll poniard them on the spot."
- "All but the young girl," cried Rivorola, in the most horrid accent; "for let me tell you, comrades, she's a d—nd deal too pretty to be sent out of the world yet awhile; I mean to ask the captain, who, by the by, owes me some remuneration for past services, to let me have her; and in order to prevent her creating any disturbance amongst us, as I know he'll dread, I'll keep her confined in a remote part of the castle."
- "Do," said Tivoli; "and let it be also in a dark room, for curse me, else the sight of your cadaverous phiz will cause her to lay-violent hands on herself, rather than remain in your power,"

"Pshaw!" returned Rivorola, as if vexed, "jesting is not in season always," walking away as he spoke, and quickly followed by the other two to the great relief of the concealed party.

As soon as they were completely out of hearing, Felisco asked Osmond, in a whisper, whether he had noticed that ruffian, Rivorola, during the time he was at the castle?

On being answered in the negative—
"He's the most atrocious of the gang,"
proceeded Felisco, in the same low key;
"but for nothing so remarkable as for his excessive cruelty, insomuch that he is better known amongst his comrades by the appellation of the bloodhound, than his own name. You probably thought him jesting with regard to what he threatened concerning me, but I make no doubt, if in his power, he'd be as good as his word.

"And that villain, Tivoli," cried Mactalla, in a low, but nevertheless indignant tone, "he would keep his with regard to me, I suppose. By the Powers, I wish I had him in a snug corner, out of the hearing of any one, at least any one inclined to serve him, and if I wouldn't make his bones as hot as he wishes to make mine, my name is not Mac——; by the Lord I'd give him a roasting and a broiling, and that too without being at the trouble of laying him on the gridiron for the purpose."

The fears of the travellers experienced but a short suspension. They were quickly revived by the returning steps of the ruffians, and their stopping within a few yards of the apartment, as if, from their suddenly ceasing to speak, for the purpose of listening.

The heart of Osmond almost ceased to beat at the moment, since, from this circumstance, he entertained scarce a doubt of their having heard some noise within it, which had excited their suspicions, and would of consequence occasion them to attempt entering it. Not on his own account, however, did he experience the

terror which now shook his frame; it was chiefly for his companions he trembled with apprehension—for the honest-hearted Felisco, who, in serving him, had, he feared, incurred a death of torture—for the fair, the gentle Cordelia.

After a fearful—an agonizing silence of some minutes, his feelings were again somewhat relieved by hearing Rivorola exclaim—

- "'Tis d—d cold;"—and Tivoli, in grumbling accents, inquiring why then he remained where he was?
- "Because," replied Rivorola, "I fancied I heard a noise hereabouts."
- "D—mn it," returned Tivoli, "one would fancy you had a legion of ghosts at your heels, for you are always imagining you hear a noise; to be sure you heard a noise here, but it was only that occasioned by the wind; curse me, if it doesn't blow cold enough to turn one to stone."
- "Would that the storm was abated," said Rivorola, "for I am impatient to be off, I so much dread the fugitives getting

beyond our reach. Once at Venosa, and we may bid them good by, since, doubt-less, there they'll take every precaution to ensure their safety the remainder of the journey."

"Pshaw! I have told you already, and I now tell you again, there is no danger of their escaping us, close as we have hitherto kept upon their steps, and little likelihood as there is of their being able to brave this storm, since we couldn't."

"Speak for yourself," cried Rivorola, indignantly; "I tell you I could have braved it if my horse would."

"Ah! as to that," replied Tivoli, in a savage tone, "I believe I am not the man to flinch from a thing of the kind; I'd ride through a whirlwind if my beast would but carry me."

"Let's see whether the sky clears," said Rivorola, and again they walked away.

They soon, however, returned, accompanied by several of their companions, and again to the inexpressible consternation of the travellers, stopped within

a few paces of their retreat, as if meditating an attack upon it, in which his apprehensions of their doing, Osmond was nearly confirmed by hearing one of them, in a hurried accent, exclaim—

"Ha, do you think so? let's try then, that we may be out of doubt on the subject."

Tivoli's opposition to this proposal quickly, however, relieved him from his dreadful fears.

"I tell you," said the surly villain, "'twas nothing but the wind you heard; so don't go to risk your neck by poking your nose into the holes and corners of this d——d rambling old edifice, since we have nothing at hand at present to enable us to repair it, in case it met with a fracture."

Again the ruffians quitted the vicinity of the chamber, but again returned to it, and in this way continued for a considerable time, walking to and fro, to the extreme agitation of the travellers, as from sentences they occasionally overheard, they were not without apprehensions of their yet endeavouring to force their way to them.

At length, to their unutterable joy, they heard one of them say—"Come, come, lads, this delay will never do; whether it clears or not, we must be off directly."

Upon which another immediately halloed—"Rivorola, as you are next the door, take a peep and see how the weather is."

After the silence of a minute—"The rain is just over, and the sky clears apace," shouted Rivorola.

Good news!" exclaimed the others, as if with one voice; "we'll to horse directly."

Accordingly, in the course of a few minutes, the travellers had the satisfaction of hearing them gallop off.

"Blessed be St. Benedict," cried Mactalla, with fervour, as he heard them departing, "for attending to my prayers."

Osmond enjoined him silence a little longer, lest by ways they were not aware of, some of the banditti might unexpectedly return. The idea that this might be the case induced him to remain at the door until the grey light of early day pervaded the apartment, and labourers were heard in the adjacent fields. He then, quitting the unpleasant situation he had so long occupied, and approaching the ladies, offered his warmest congratulations to them on the happy termination of the perils of the night.

Miss Raymond, though by this time perfectly restored to her senses, still appeared so faint and indisposed, as did also her mother, that Osmond advised their endeavouring to obtain a little repose, ere they thought of renewing their journey.

Their following this advice, however, was strongly opposed by Mr. Raymond, in consequence of his impatience to reach Venosa, and his needing no rest himself, after the long repose he had enjoyed in the course of the night.

They appeared, however, so inclined to attend to it, that Osmond, knowing they were now in perfect safety, determined to pay no attention to Mr. Raymond's wishes for immediately departing.

In order, however, to avoid a second altercation with him, the idea of which, on account of the ladies, being highly disagreeable to his feelings, he made the absolute necessity there was for allowing the horses some little time to feed and refresh themselves, after being shut up so many hours without food, the excuse for not indulging him in the present instance.

Mr. Raymond continued with his wife and daughter, evidently angry and discontented, at his wishes relative to setting off immediately not being complied with; and Osmond, ordering Mactalla to remain near the chamber, proceeded himself with Felisco to liberate the horses.

The storm of the preceding night was now entirely passed away. The morning advanced with calmness, and as the clouds of night faded from the hills, a thousand beautiful objects started to view. The rural—the luxuriant landscape was rendered still more attractive, by the groups of joyous labourers scattered throughout it; it being now the autumnal season, when the first gleam of day calls to the field the children of rural labour.

Immediately adjoining the ruin, all still continued quiet and lonely. The luxuriant plain on which it stood was thinly scattered over with flocks, that unmolested cropped the flowery pasture; and in the woods of solemn gloom that overhung and nearly environed it, scarce any sound was heard but that of their shuddering foliage, as the light breeze swept through them. The freshness of the moistened earth, the exhaling sweetness of the shrubs and flowers that abounded on every side, the brightening glories of the hour, had the effect of removing the languor which the dreadful agitation and anxiety of the preceding night occasioned Osmond to feel, but failed of restoring him to his wonted tranquillity or cheerfulness.

For once the dripping rock, the mountain's misty top, swelled on his sight, and brightened with the dawn, without awaking

a sensation of pleasure in his mind. The idea of the succeeding day being the last which he should in all probability pass in the society of Miss Raymond—the last in which he should have an opportunity of uninterruptedly indulging himself in the exquisite, though dangerous pleasure of gazing on her, threw a damp on his spirits which rendered him incapable of enjoyment at present.

The feelings, however, which occasioned this dejection he by no means encouraged, since he well knew that not only his happiness, but his prosperity, his advancement in life, depended on their subjugation—well knew that unless they were conquered, he should be unable to make the exertions on which alone he founded his hopes of independence.

On returning to the ruin he found Mactalla nodding on his post, completely over-powered by the fatigue he had recently undergone. He immediately relieved him, in order to let him have a little rest ere they set off; and while Felisco, who ap-

peared as lively and alert as usual, proceeded by his desire to an adjacent field, where he had observed herds and herdsmen, to purchase milk and fruit for the ladies, endeavoured to amuse himself by looking about him. The objects that now fell under his inspection were such as furnished him with ample food for meditation.

Notwithstanding the decay and desolation of the chapel, it was still characterized by an air of grandeur solemnly impressive; but what touched Osmond with still greater emotion than its noble arcades, now begirt with streaming grass, its clustered pillars, or airy galleries, lit by windows yet retaining, in fragments of stained glass, vestiges of their original magnificence, was the sculptured tombs he beheld amidst the aisles, green with damp and weeds; the inscriptions on many entirely defaced, and on none more than sufficiently legible to prove how deceitful was the hope of those who trusted the perpetuation of their names to such records.

Osmond's lively imagination readily

enabled him to picture the sublime—the affecting emotions, which, in former times, this consecrated spot must have excited; when rich in painting as in sculpture, its priests attending, its altars blazing—

"Sabean odours scatter'd round,
From golden censors tose'd with graceful hand,
The pealing organ's animating sound,
The choral virgin's captivating voice,
Awoke the soul to ecstasy."

"Yet ah," thought Osmond, as he reflected on the victims that had here perhaps been immolated at the shrine of superstition, "how many sighs may have mingled with that harmony! how many eyes been blinded to the splendour of the scene by tears of regret!

"How melancholy are the effects of superstition and bigotry," he continued, involuntarily pursuing the reflection; "how dreadfully do they pervert the judgment, as well as steel the heart; for who that had not a perverted judgment, could for an instant suppose that a Being, whom we all know, from daily experience, to be one of mercy and benevolence, could take pleasure in acts or sacrifices that doomed any of his creatures to misery, could be gratified by any vows but those which the heart dictates. Oh, ye sons of the dust, how many are the calamities ye have brought upon yourselves by your mistaken notions—your wilful indulgence of error!"

On the return of Felisco he inquired of him concerning this ruin, and learned that its dilapidation and desertion were occasioned by a dreadful earthquake many years back.

A further inspection of the building was prevented by a dreadful shout from Mactalla, occasioned by a disagreeable dream, which made him suddenly start from a slumber he had fallen into in a remote corner of the chapel.

Mr. Raymond, in great consternation, immediately made his appearance, followed by the ladies. Osmond quickly dispelled their apprehensions, by explaining the cause of the outcry they had heard, while poor Mactalla begged their pardon, and

expressed as much contrition for having disturbed them, as if he had purposely done so.

The party now partook of the refreshment provided by Osmond—Mrs. Raymond with grateful acknowledgments for his politeness and attention.

Mr. Raymond, however, as usual profited by the kindness he experienced without appearing to notice it; and still, to the increasing astonishment of Osmond, kept his face so enveloped, that not a feature was visible.

Their repast over, the party lost no time in proceeding on their journey.—For some time the ladies could not sufficiently divest themselves of apprehension, to feel at ease; at length their getting into a road bordered with fields rich in the treasures of Autumn, and scattered over with peasants, whose assistance, if requisite, Felisco assured them they need not doubt obtaining, dissipated their fears, and restoring them to tranquillity, permitted them to converse as usual.

After chatting some time about the terrific incidents of the preceding night, she spoke of the manuscript with which he had amused them, saying it had furnished her with such an episode as she wanted for her Tale of Wonder.

- "Well," said Miss Raymond, with her accustomed innocence and sweetness, "I confess, notwithstanding the extravagance of the story, I could not help being a little interested about Carlo."
 - "The temptation that assailed him was certainly so great," observed Osmond, that one can hardly forbear mingling pity with their condemnation of him."
- "But most assuredly," remarked Mrs. Raymond, "he would have been more deserving of that pity, had he made an effort to resist the temptation he met with. He who voluntarily risks his honour merits but little compassion for the misery incurred by indiscretion."
- "That of Isabella is certainly entitled but to little, if any," rejoined her lovely daughter. United as she was to the ob-

ject of her choice, and convinced, by experience, of his meriting her affection, there was nothing to excuse, or in any manner palliate, her conduct. Let me not," added she, with quickness, and deeply blushing, evidently in consequence of catching Osmond intently regarding her at the moment, "be supposed to mean that I think it would have admitted of extenuation, had her situation been other than it was. Premeditated error, I am well aware, admits not of apology."

"Oh how unnecessary," burst from the lips of the enamoured Osmond, "this explanation of your sentiments, to one so thoroughly sensible of—so deeply impressed with a conviction of—"

He suddenly recollected himself, and paused—paused in the most painful confusion, and with a cheek more deeply crimsoned at the moment, than was that of the lovely object of his admiration.

"For—for," added he, making an effort to finish the sentence in such a way as should do away the idea of the compli-

ment it conveyed being dictated by aught but common politeness, "it is utterly impossible that any person who has had the honour of being in Miss Raymond's company, could for an instant harbour a doubt of her not thinking correctly on every subject."

"She would not do so," said Mrs. Raymond, but evidently more for the purpose of diverting the attention of Osmond from her daughter, who appeared at the moment not less agitated and confused than he was, than from any wish to pursue the subject, as her immediately after dropping it proved, "if she did not condemn the fair culprit of whom we have been speaking."

Little further conversation, and that but of a desultory nature, ensued after this, till their arrival at Venosa, which took place ere the day was far advanced.

What the feelings of the party were, on at length finding themselves safely housed in a comfortable inn, may easier be imagined than described.

But though from the selfish concern he

had throughout the journey manifested for himself, it was but natural to suppose those of Mr. Raymond not less lively on this occasion than his companions, he gave no utterance to them, as they did, but in gloomy silence shrunk from the voice of congratulation, and quickly disappeared, leaving his wife and daughter alone with Osmond.

Mrs. Raymond's sensations at finding herself, and those for whom she was more interested than for herself, again in a place of safety, for a few minutes overcame her. When a little recovered, and with pious gratitude she had returned thanks to heaven for their deliverance from the dangers that had lately encompassed them, she repeated her acknowledgments to Osmond for his services on the late occasion.

tain the life your have been instrumental in preserving, I shall cherish the most grateful recollection of your conduct."

"Oh, Madam, how richly do you re-

ward me for it," in the most impassioned tone, and raising and respectfully pressing to his lips the hand she extended to him as she spoke; "by the hope you have given me of retaining a place in your remembrance, nothing more was wanting to complete the obligations your condescending kindness has laid me under."

"You acknowledge fancied obligations in so handsome a manner," replied Mrs Raymond, smiling, "that I should like to have the opportunity of laying you under real ones."

Then the present moment, by giving her liberty to say she objected not to his cultivating her further acquaintance, furnished her with one for the purpose, Osmond was on the point of saying, but suddenly checked himself, under the idea of her, perhaps, deeming him presumptuous—worse, designing and interested, if such a speech escaped him.

Both ladies were so extremely fatigued, that as soon as they had partaken of refreshment with Osmond, they retired to repose, not, however, without Mrs. Raymond desiring him to hold himself in readiness to join them at supper.

He immediately followed their example, nor awoke till the evening was somewhat advanced, when finding they were not yet risen, he procured an attendant to shew him the town.

He continued his ramble till the hour at which he understood supper was ordered. On re-entering the inn, he ascended to the apartment which the ladies occupied; but was prevented opening the door by the intervention of a waiter, who had run up after him.

- "Your supper, signor," said he, but with a respectful bow, "is prepared in another room."
- "What, have the ladies then changed their apartment?" asked Osmond.
- "O no, signor, they are at supper in that, but the gentlemen with them gave orders that your's should be prepared for you in another room."
 - "O, very well," replied Osmond, with

forced calmness, but a countenance suffused with the crimson glow of indignation, "shew me to it."

The man obeyed.

: Osmond seated himself at table, where supper was already laid, but which pride in vain stimulated him to make an effort to touch. In vain too did it stimulate him to try and retain that appearance of composure it had in the first instance induced him to counterfeit. The feelings by which his mind was at present agitated were too violent, too agonizing, to allow of their either being long dissembled or controlled; and finding the impossibility of their being so, he suddenly started from the table, and desired to be shewn to his chamber, and, in order to avoid having any witness of his present emotion, his servant to be informed he should not require his attendance until morning.

As soon as he had, in the solitude of his chamber, subdued, by the exertion of his reason, the irritation of his mind, suffi-

ciently to permit him to reflect again with some degree of coolness, the fatal consequences that might ensue from resenting the contumelious, the injurious treatment he had just experienced, in the manner his proudly indignant spirit prompted, became too obvious not to induce him to determine on evincing his deep sense of its ingratitude and baseness, in no other way than by immediately detaching himself from the society of Mr. Raymond.

"Was I to associate with him after what has passed, I should, indeed," he exclaimed, "prove to him that I merited it—should provoke what nothing could enable me to support—my own contempt.

"In what," he continued, as with disordered steps he paced his chamber, "can that which has marked his conduct towards me originate? for the deliberate insult he has offered me, there must be some cause. Surely he cannot entertain a suspicion of my being other than I have represented myself.

"Ah!" cried he, after a thoughtful

pause of some minutes, as the idea suddenly started in his mind, "I now see to what his conduct towards me is owing. -Yes-yes; various circumstances now recur to my recollection, to convince me that 'tis on his daughter's account, to prevent any risk of his expectations concerning her being disappointed, that he has treated me in such a manner, doubtless concluding I should have no hesitation in attempting to take advantage of any favourable sentiment in her bosom for me. Ah, in thinking so, how much does he wrong me!-how little does he know me, when he imagines I would be capable of purchasing my own gratification at the expense of her welfare!

"The supposition, however, I acknowledge not an unnatural one—one too, which, if much oftener in her society, future circumstances might perhaps justify; did I think otherwise, I should arrogate too much to myself—a strength of mind, a forbearance, a command over myself I feel I do not possess: yes, I feel convinced, if much longer exposed to the power of her charms, the passion with which my bosom palpitates for her could not be concealed—feel that the secret of my heart would be betrayed, and that I should but too probably seek to inspire her with corresponding sentiments.

"Let the consideration, therefore, of this, of the misery, the remorse I should feel for acting in such a manner, conscious as I am, from the disposition of her father, of the unhappiness an attachment to me must be productive of to her, reconcile me to the thoughts of seeing her no more—of to-morrow's sun lighting me, in all probability, for ever from her."

Both pride and prudence determined him on quitting Venosa at an early hour the ensuing day, lest otherwise he might be suspected of wishing to intrude himself on the further notice of Mr. Raymond and his family, and thus incur the imputation of a meanness he would have abhorred himself for; or, by chancing to see the fair Cordelia, betray perhaps his feelings at the thoughts of their approaching separation.

That none of the party would be at a loss to conjecture the reason of his departing so abruptly, he flattered himself.—At least, the mother and daughter would do justice, he hoped, to his motives for doing so, since, if they did, he trusted they would grant him a portion of their esteem.

But in vain he strove to subdue the anguish which the idea of no more seeing the latter inspired. Time alone, he at length felt convinced, could enable him to do this.

Exhausted by the violence of his emotions, yet still from the perturbation of his mind unable to think of rest, he threw open a lattice, and in the contemplation of the majestic mountains he had to cross the ensuing day, sought to lose the reflections that now harrassed him; but the sublime prospect they afforded had not the desired effect, nor with the involuntary admiration it excited did pleasure mingle,

as would have been the case had he still retained a hope of traversing them in company with Miss Raymond, of being allowed to guide her wandering eyes to their varied beauties—explore with her their romantic recesses.

At last he threw himself on the bed, but sleep only weighed down his evelids, to give him up to more tormenting fancies than those by which he had been harrassed while awake. Amongst other terrifying dreams, he suddenly imagined himself, he knew not by what means, neither why or wherefore, transported to one of the extensive forests of Africa, swarming with beasts of prey, whose dreadful cries appalled his senses; and that while gazing about him, to see whether there was a possibility of extricating himself from its horrid confines, Miss Raymond, pale and fainting with terror, appeared before him, whom he flew to succour, and espying an opening amongst the trees, hurried her forward, but had not proceeded far, when a rustling in the underwood behind causing

him to look back, he beheld a tremendous tiger creeping after them, evidently watching for an opportunity of seizing them unawares; upon which snatching up his lovely companion, he forced his way through all the opposing difficulties, till he came to a small glade, so beautifully sequestered, and remote from the spot in which he had been alarmed for her safety. that he thought he might venture to pause with her; but had scarcely rested her on a bank, when the formidable enemy he had borne her from, sprung from a neighbouring thicket, and with wide-extended jaws and out-stretched talons, he seized upon her, and carried her off, regardless of his frantic efforts to save her-efforts rendered still more violent by the tender, the agonizing tone in which she called upon him to save her.

From this dream he started, too much affected by it to be able to sleep again; the look with which Miss Raymond had regarded him, the plaintive accent in which she had addressed him in it, were

impressed on his imagination.—"Oh, if in reality I caught such a look," he involuntarily exclaimed, "heard such an accent, where—where would my resolution be! like the baseless fabric of a vision, I fear I should find it vanish, without leaving a wreck behind."

His present feelings still more forcibly convincing him of the necessity there was for adhering to his determination of avoiding her in future, he arose ere the sun had made its appearance, and immediately rang for Mactalla.

Instead of Mactalla, however, a man belonging to the house answered the bell.

Osmond desired his servant to be directly sent to him.

"He is gone out, signor," said the waiter, bowing.

"Gone out!" repeated Osmond, somewhat surprised; "whither, pray, and when?"

"I can't say where, but he left this two hours ago on horseback, and desired, should you require him before he returned, you might be informed he would not be long absent."

"Strange where he can be gone to," said Osmond. "Have his companions accompanied him?"

The man replied in the negative, adding, neither of them were yet up, and desired to know whether it was his pleasure they should be called?

"No," Osmond returned, for as he could not think of departing till the return of his servant, there was no occasion for their being disturbed.

He dismissed the man, but had scarcely done so, when the idea striking him that he should appear extremely deficient in gratitude and politeness, if in some way or other he did not take leave of Mrs. Raymond, he resolved, therefore, on leaving a letter for her, and accordingly hurried from his chamber the moment he was dressed, in order to procure materials for the purpose.

He was ushered into another apartment, vol. 1v. F

containing what he required, but scarcely had he been left to himself, and taken up a pen, ere the half closed door of the room was thrown open. He involuntarily looked up, and beheld Miss Raymond retreating from it.

He directly started up, unable to deny himself the pleasure of once more gazing on her; and flying after her, conjured her not to let him be pained by supposing his being in the apartment had deterred her from entering it:—adding, with a look, but an unconscious one, of tender reproach, he trusted she would not object to doing so when he informed her he was on the point of quitting it.

"Nay, I assure you," said she, returning, but in much confusion, and evidently greatly agitated, "it was the manner in which I saw you employed, and my not finding my mother here as I expected:"—Osmond now, for the first time, perceived the apartment he was in was the one they had occupied the preceding day—"that

alone caused me to retire; but pray let me not prevent your writing, or I shall again withdraw."

- "A few minutes will suffice, madam," replied Osmond, with a deep and involuntary sigh, a look of melancholy that proved it to have emanated from his heart, "to finish my letter; 'tis meant to be a brief one; but if longer, would still, I fear, but poorly speak the feelings of its writer.— The generous, the liberal heart of your mother will, however, I trust, do these more justice than he his himself capable of doing them."
- "My mother!" repeated Miss Raymond, with quickness, and turning her fine eyes full upon him, "has she anything to say to your letter?
- "'Tis addressed to her. She would justly have branded me with the epithet of ungrateful, at least I should have considered myself so, had I departed without expressing my high sense of the obligations her condescending goodness has laid me under."

" Departed!" said Miss Raymond: "then I presume," she added, with a varying cheek, which gave rise to suspicions and emotions in the mind of Osmond, that at once transported and tortured him: since, with all his generosity, he could not avoid being delighted at the idea of her entertaining a more than common esteem for him-with all his passion, avoid being pained at the thoughts of her being involved in an attachment, which, from its hopelessness, for hopeless, as has been already mentioned, he was convinced one between them must prove, could not fail of being attended with misery to her, "you have given up your intention of going to Naples, at least for the present?"

"By no means, madam; 'tis my intention to proceed thither immediately."

"Indeed!" in an accent expressive of surprise; "then why write to—but I see—I see how it is," with quickness, and suddenly starting from a thoughtful attitude, "we have hitherto proved such troublesome companions, that," half bowing,



and affecting to smile, "you gladly seize the first opportunity that has occurred for detaching yourself from us."

- "Good heavens!" exclaimed Osmond, with vehemence, and eyes and hands involuntarily uplifted, "what a supposition!—Oh, madam! I do—I will believe," after a transient pause, occasioned by the violence of his emotions, the anguish of his wounded feelings, "that the gentleness of your nature would not have permitted you to have given utterance to such a one, had you surmised the pain it would have inflicted on me."
- "You—you do me but justice in imagining so," cried Miss Raymond, in a tremulous accent, and with a look which evinced his agitation being neither unobserved nor unfelt by her; and a countenance expressive of such sweet, such sorrowful repentance, for the distress she had given, as would have disarmed rage itself. "I trust I am not capable of voluntarily giving pain to any one, much less a person whose

life was risked for the preservation of me and my family."

"Oh, touch not on that subject again," interrupted Osmond, passionately: "In risking my life for the preservation of yours, I only risked what, had you been lost, would have been insupportable to me, and therefore merit no acknowledgement: only say the supposition you have just given utterance to is not one you really entertain, and I am satisfied,"

"Then be satisfied, for I acknowledge that it is not—more," she proceeded, deeply blushing, and with a warmth, and agitation, which proved her heart alone dictating to her at the moment—" I acknowledge that it was ungenerous, ungrateful in me, to endeavour to make you believe I ascribed your determination of detaching yourself from our society to a motive, which I was conscious it did not proceed from—yes, I must have been stupid, indeed, if I had not at once surmised it owing to—to."—She paused, as

if overpowered by confusion, and turned, with quickness, from the gaze of Osmond—" My mother," she continued, after the silence of a minute, but still averting her looks from his, "can better explain, can better apologize than I can, for—for what," hesitating, "has, I am certain, been the cause of it——I therefore wish, on that account, you would see her ere you depart."

"Believe me, madam," returned Osmond, in the most respectful yet impassioned tone, "in any other instance your wishes would be as laws to me, but to linger here merely for the purpose of letting Mrs. Raymond be pained by apologizing for conduct"—(Osmond perfectly comprehending Miss Raymond's alluding to her father, in what she had just said,)—"which she could not prevent, is what I cannot possibly think of."

"Well, sir," said Miss Raymond, again speaking collectedly, and making a movement towards the door, "I shall say no more on the subject, only this, that I know

my mother's sentiments on it so well, I am convinced her regret for the past will be aggravated by not having had a personal opportunity of apologizing for it."

"Then she knows not what is passing here," exclaimed Osmond, laying his hand involuntarily on his breast, and the secret of his heart, through the agitation of his feelings, bursting from his lips; "or in instead of regretting, she would rejoice at what has happened, since a means of restoring me to prudence, to recollection, of banishing me a society I could no longer indulge myself in with impunity. Need I explain the meaning of these words?—O no, surely no!—you cannot be so unconscious of your own perfections as to be at a loss to understand me."

"I see, sir," said Miss Raymond, as if she had not heard this speech, "I have interrupted you; besides, I wish to inquire when we shall set off. I will now, therefore, bid you adieu."

She uttered these words with so distant

an air, and in accents so equally cold and repelling, that Osmond concluded he had offended her. The surmise wounded him to the soul, and instantly led him to believe he had completely deceived himself, with regard to the idea which but a few minutes before her extreme agitation, her varying colour, her half-averted eye, had induced him to yield to.

Silently and dejectedly he hastened before her to open the door, but at the very moment he laid his hand upon the lock, he involuntarily turned towards her, unable to endure the thoughts of letting her leave him in displeasure—leave him too, perhaps, under the idea of his being a selfish, designing, presumptuous character.

"I perceive, madam," cried he, in the most deprecating accent, "I have been so unfortunate as to offend you; could you look into my heart, you would be convinced how unintentionally—then see, that with my admiration, my adoration of you, one presumptuous thought never mingled; that for an instant I forgot not how lost to

feeling, to generosity, I should be, to wish to excite in your bosom a corresponding sentiment; that a hint of those I entertain for you never would have escaped my lips, but for the violent agitation of my feelings. Let this assurance, therefore, appease the resentment their disclosure have excited—let it do more; let it induce you to—to—" his voice faltered through emotion, "induce you to soften the excruciating pang of this moment, by saying you forgive me."

CHAP. III.

"All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends,
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and inattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls; while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair,
And leaves the semblance of a lover fix'd.
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes."

THOMSON.

"Forgive you!" repeated Miss Raymond, emphatically, and pausing; "Oh, Mr. Munro," she stopped, and again averted her face from him.

Osmond, scarcely conscious of what he was about, so greatly was he agitated by

the sight of her agitation and emotion an agitation, an emotion that revived in full force the idea he had been on the point of abandoning as illusive, advanced a little way from the door—

"I—I meant to have said, Mr. Munro," resumed Miss Raymond, quickly recovering herself a little, and trying to speak with something like gaiety—"that I am not quite so easily offended as you imagine, or rather that I must be conscious of there being an intention to offend ere I can feel so. As a proof that I acquit you of all such intention, in short, that you were entirely mistaken in imputing anger to me, permit me now to offer you my best wishes for——" again her voice faltered a little, "your health and happiness."

She attempted to pass him as she spoke, but the feelings of Osmond had too completely got the ascendancy over him at the moment, to permit him to allow of her retiring without hearing him express the gratitude with which this goodness, this gentleness inspired him. Accordingly, he

gently seized her hand, as she moved towards the door. He lifted it to his quivering lips, he laid it for an instant to his throbbing heart, he folded it, for the first, and the last time, he believed, between his; he rested his cheek, pale and chilled by despair, for a moment on it.

At length—" Words are inadequate," he said, but in broken accents, "to express what I feel for your condescending goodness. My wishes, my prayers for your felicity, can best, can only demonstrate the gratitude it has inspired.—Oh may they prove more successful than those I have uttered for my own now appear likely to do. May fortune, may fate, in every instance, prove as kind to you as nature has been; may your destiny," he continued, with increasing energy, and dropping involuntarily on one knee, "be as gentle as your nature. Above all, may this dear, this inestimable hand," again his lips touched it, "never belong to any one who does not thoroughly merit the happiness it will confer upon him; let me but

be assured it is the rich treasure of such a being, and the pangs of hopeless love will be lessened."

Miss Raymond started, and made another but a faint effort, and of consequence an unsuccessful one, to disengage her hand. This effort was quickly followed by a tear, which dropping on the hand of Osmond, caused him in his turn to start, and eagerly elevate his eyes to her face.

She turned it with quickness from him, but, notwithstanding which, he perceived that it was pale and covered with tears.

This was not a sight to calm his emotion; kissing away the tear which had just fallen on his hand, he pressed hers still more fervently to his heart, and again bowed his head on it.

The door was suddenly thrown open as he did so. He started, and looking up, beheld Mrs. Raymond.

The sensations of this moment nearly overcame him. He knew not how he re covered his feet, he knew not how Miss Raymond vanished from the room, he knew not how he regained his own; he was conscious of nothing for some minutes, but that he must appear in the eyes of Mrs. Raymond, surprised as he had been by her at the feet of her daughter, a mean, despicable, designing character; as such, no doubt, be represented by her to the lovely Cordelia, to the utter destruction, in all probability, of that esteem which, without incurring the imputation of selfishness, he thought he might wish her to cherish for him.

"But I merit—I merit," in bitterness of soul he cried, and passionately striking his throbbing forehead, "the wretchedness, the idea of their degrading opinion makes me suffer—merit it, for having acted so contrary to the dictates of reason, of prudence, of generosity, as I have done in the recent instance. Instead of any longer censuring, how warmly will Mrs. Raymond now probably applaud the repelling conduct of her husband towards me, now that she has such reason to be-

lieve the suspicions that occasioned it well founded."

An hour passed away in the bitterest self-reproaches. The noise of a carriage then drew him to a lattice, which commanded a view of the street, and he beheld the Raymonds stepping into a chaise, which immediately after drove off well attended.

"They are gone then," said he, "gone for ever from my view—gone without leaving me the consolation of thinking I shall retain that place in their remembrance I wished for."

"Oh, fool!" again striking his forehead, as the idea suddenly occurred, "not to endeavour to justify myself in the opinion of Mrs. Raymond, whilst I had an opportunity."

The injustice he had been guilty of towards himself, in not endeavouring to see her—worse, the impropriety, the cruelty he had been guilty of, with regard to Miss-Raymond, in not trying to exculpate her, in the eyes of her mother, of the imprudence which the recent scene might naturally occasion her to be suspected of, now struck him too forcibly not to renew, or rather aggravate his anguish. At length unable longer to submit quietly to his torturing reflections, he again rang, to inquire for Mactalla, and hearing he was not yet come back, wrote a few hasty lines to be given him in case he returned, which he was now almost beginning to think was not his intention, desiring him to lose no time in following him to Naples; and quitting his chamber, mounted the horse which he had ordered to be prepared for him, and accompanied by Felisco, whose surprise at the conduct of Mactalla seemed quite as great as his, set forward on his journey, attended also by the French boy.

In another frame of mind, the subtime scenery which met his view as he ascended the Appennines, would have excited the liveliest transports in his soul; but now he gazed on all without emotion —so true is it, that to be able to enjoy the beauties of Nature, the mind must be at ease. Like Hamlet, it went so heavily with his disposition at the moment, that he might have said—

"This goodly frame the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, this majestical roof fretted with golden fires, appears nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours."

The tears of the lovely Cordelia, her agitation in the recent scene, dwelt on his imagination, and awakened ideas that at once tortured and delighted him.-Yes, he could not forbear thinking from the emotion she had evinced, that he had inspired her with a warmer sentiment than esteem. As he thought so-thought on the probability there was of her being yet compelled to give her hand where she could not altogether bestow her hearton the possibility there was of his meeting another woman inclined to grant him her's without his wishing to accept it, the poet's observation recurred to his recollection, that"For aught that ever he could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted in respect of years,
On else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up,
So quick bright things come to confusion."

His meditations were suddenly interrupted by Felisco's riding up to inform him Mactalla was approaching. He immediately stopped, and turning, beheld him pushing forward with all his might.

"Upon my word," Osmond exclaimed, on his coming within hearing, "this is rather an unexpected sight, as I felt almost inclined to imagine, Mr. Mactalla, that you had taken yourself entirely off."

"By the Powers, and so I feared you would, signor," said Mactalla, stopping within a yard or two of him, "and there-

fore I risked my neck by the haste I made to overtake you, notwithstanding which I was almost beginning to think I should not have succeeded in doing so."

- "And pray may I inquire," resumed his master, "what took you from Venosa?"
- "You shall hear, signor; and when you do, I trust you'll excuse my having quitted it without your leave, and also allow that I have done the business on which I went cleanly and cleverly, and for once prove that eaten bread is not always forgotten."
- "What business?" demanded his master.
- "Why surely, signor, it can't have slipt your memory the promise I made in the midst of our recent dangers, to make a handsome acknowledgment to St. Benedict, for his kindness and protection, if we got safely through them."

Osmond nodded.—" I remember," said he.

"Well, then, signor, convinced that I should never prosper if I did not keep that promise, and, moreover, fearing such

a good opportunity as offered at Venosa for fulfilling it might not occur again, I rose betimes this morning, for the purpose of visiting his convent, and, as I have already said, had the satisfaction of getting the business that took me there settled in the manner I wished.-My offering to him was most graciously accepted in his name by one of the holy fathers, and who in return assured me I might pursue the remainder of my journey to Naples without any apprehension, as I had, by my conduct on this occasion, fully secured to myself the protection of the saint. One thing indeed liked to have marred all; I forgot at first to mention how many beside myself were indebted to him; an additional offering, however, on their account, quickiy set matters to right again, by appeasing the anger the holy father felt at my negligence."

Osmond could not forbear smiling at the simplicity which this anecdote argued Mactalla possessed of. His smile, however, was unaccompanied by any indication of that contempt which such simplicity might have excited in a more fastidious and less benevolent mind. He who performed what he conceived to be a duty, was, in his opinion, an object of respect and admiration, however superfluous or ridiculous that duty might appear in the eyes of sound reason.

"Accept my thanks, my good friend," said he, with a gracious smile, "for your kind remembrance of me on the late occasion. Your tribute of gratitude to St. Benedict, on my account, has laid me under obligations, which I shall take the earliest opportunity of evincing my sense of."

"What basket is that you have got dangling on your arm?" asked Felisco, pointing to one on the left arm of Mactalla.

"Basket! by the Powers but I'd like to have forgot; 'tis a basket of provisions, which a pious lady, who chanced to hear my account of our late adventures, gave me to drop with an old hermit, as I passed over these mountains; and who, by what I

gathered from the shepherds, of whom I inquired concerning him as I came along, has his hut perched some where in this quarter."

"He has," said Felisco; "if you elevate your eyes, you may see it on that high mountain that rises above the wooded ones to the left."

"By the Powers and so I do," cried Mactalla, joyfully; "what an admirer of fine prospects the old gentleman must be, to build his nest so high. Come, Felisco, as you know all the ins and outs of these mountains, be so good as to guide me to it, for I faithfully promised the lady (who by the bye made me a handsome present for the trouble I undertook on her account) to give the basket with my own hands into his; besides, I would not for the world lose the opportunity of obtaining the benediction of so holy a man."

Felisco consented, and Osmond having a wish to see a place of the kind, and conceiving besides, as they had by this time come a good way, that the horses required a little rest, alighted to join the party.—Accordingly, the horses being secured, and the French boy left to watch them, they began to ascend to the hermitage.

The way to it was by zig-zag paths, many of them cut into steps, and almost all either shaded with trees and bushes, forming in many places delightful bowers, or fenced in with shrubby cliffs, bespread with beautiful lichens, wild thyme, and flowers—

"Amongst which the bee stray'd diligent,
And with the extracted balm of fragrant woodbine,
Fill'd his little thigh."

Through a small wilderness, they arrived at the little lawn on which the hermitage was erected. 'Twas fronted by perpendicular rocks of immense height, some naked and discoloured by time, others embossed with luxuriant mosses, and tufted with wild plants and shrubs. The mountain in the rear was broken into a variety of fantastic forms, wild, savage, pathless, and from its pendant precipices, and ter-

rific height, evidently inaccessible to all but the light foot of the fearless chamois. Forests of pine, larch, and chesnut, cloathed its steep sides, apparently coeval with itself.

The vivid flowers that enamelled the verdant surface of the lawn, the richly glowing and aromatic shrubs that skirted the rocks that enclosed it, formed a smiling contrast to the rude and gloomy scene beyond.

On one side the hermitage was a small garden, containing a few vegetables and fruit trees; on the other, bubbling up amongst some white stones, a natural fountain, supplied by the clear springs of the heights above.

The hermit was then out; and Mactalla depositing the basket in the hut, repaired with Felisco to look for him in the woods.

Osmond preferred remaining behind, to contemplate without interruption the surrounding scenery, or more probably indulge the reflections it was calculated to inspire.

From a pensive reverie he was suddenly roused by a rustling noise in the inner chamber of the hermitage, at the outer door of which he was leaning at the moment, waiting for the return of its owner, to examine it minutely. He turned his eyes towards this, and to his utter surprise beheld Mrs. Raymond advancing from it.

"Gracious Heaven!" involuntarily, and in extreme agitation, he exclaimed, "is it possible—do I really behold Mrs. Raymond!"

"Why, is there is any thing so very astenishing in finding a woman gratifying her curiosity?" returned Mrs. Raymond: "We stopt about an hour ago at a little auberge in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of baiting the horses, and having previously heard a great deal of this hermitage, I resolved to avail myself of the opportunity that had thus occurred for visiting it.—A little fatigued by the time

I had reached it, I sat down to rest myself, while my guides went in search of a shep-herd's hut, to try and procure me some refreshment."

Oh, now—now, thought Osmond, have I again an opportunity of endeavouring to exculpate myself in her opinion—more, endeavouring to exculpate her lovely daughter, if, indeed, so wronged as to be suspected of imprudence by her."

Still, notwithstanding the idea that another of the kind might not again occur, he could not for some minutes summon sufficient courage to enter upon the explanation he wished to make. At length, but in the most timid accent, he ventured to entreat her attention a few moments—but was for an instant after unable to articulate another word, owing to the confusion into which her, he conceived, severe look, but which, in reality, was only a scrutinizing one, threw him,

"It is essential to my future tranquillity, madam," on a little recovering from this,

he said, "that you should comply with my request."

"Well, sir," on his again pausing, said Mrs. Raymond, seating herself, as she spoke, on a sod seat outside the hut, "what have you to say to me?"

"Oh, madam, more than I fear my feelings will allow me to give utterance to -yes, notwithstanding my anxiety to retain a place in your remembrance—that place which you so lately honoured me with a hope of possessing—I knew not that I should be able to make an effort for the purpose, at least at the present moment, so depressed, so humbled, so completely overthrown, I may say, is my mind by recent occurrences; but on account of----of Miss Raymond," he added, falteringly, and in a still lower voice, "'tis due to her, to you—I feel it to be due to both, to declare, in order to prevent that sweet, that delightful harmony and confidence subsisting between you being interrupted, that solely to my temerity, my

indiscretion, my imprudence, the scene you witnessed at Venosa was owing. I opposed, I impeded, I prevented Miss Raymond's withdrawing, yet not from any presumptuous hope or thought-no, I protest, by all my hopes of happiness hereafter, I call upon Heaven to attest the truth of the declaration, but solely to despair—to the agonizing persuasion of no more having an opportunity of gazing on her, whom of all beings my eyes most delighted to dwell on-Yes, Madam," he continued, but with eyes inclining towards the ground, and a rising blush upon his cheek, bright as the maiden blush of youthful beauty, "I can no longer conceal that I adore your lovely daughter The frankness with which I avow my passion, will, I hope, be a means of inducing you to forego any injurious opinion you may have conceived of me, in consequence of the scene I have just alluded to; since surely it must strike you, that if artful, if designing, I would not reveal a truth, calculated, I must be conscious, by putting

you on your guard against me, to deprive me of all opportunities of accomplishing my wishes."

He then, but still in the most deprecating tone, conjured her to lighten the anguish of his present feelings, by permitting him to hope he had not irreparably injured himself in her esteem, or laid the foundation of any unhappiness between her and her daughter.

To this entreaty Mrs. Raymond made no reply. Osmond, after awaiting one in silence some minutes, ventured to steal another look at her, and saw, or fancied he saw, a gloomy thoughtfulness on her brow, which confirmed all the fears her silence had inspired.

"Ah, madam," he said, under the painful impression of these fears, "I see I am doomed to become the victim of appearances; since you judge me by these, I cannot wonder at your withholding from me the assurance I have entreated. Time, however, may yet convince you I was not altogether as undeserving of it as I am

sensible you now imagine. Yes, my henceforth shunning the sight of your lovely daughter, will yet, I trust, prove to you I was sincere, when I said that I never for an instant forgot the obstacles fortune had placed between us, the baseness I should be guilt of in attempting to: involve her in my precarious fate. madam," he added, with increasing emotion, "were you acquainted with my family history, the agonizing observations I had an early opportunity of making on the misery incurred by drawing a beloved object into an imprudent engagement, you. would-yes, I am certain you would acquit me of all intention of having done so myself. But your attendants approach," observing two strangers advancing. "Farewell, madain," in a broken voice, he added, this involuntary recurrence of his thoughts to home—that home so dear to his regard, so interesting to his feelings, so truly venerated, round which the warmest affections of his heart still hovered, having revived a thousand tender recollections, which completely overcame him—
"farewell," retreating as he spoke.

"Stop, Mr. Munro, stop," cried Mrs. Raymond, hastily rising, and laying her hand on his arm; be not so precipitate," she added, a smile brightening her fine features.

"Good Heaven, is it possible!—can it be," with all the wildness of surprise exclaimed Osmond, "that the mother, like the daughter is an angel of forgiveness!"

Mrs. Raymond pointed to a wild sequestered path at the back of the hermitage.—He directly led her to it, the menhe had just seen being now at hand. On advancing some way in it, she paused, and—

"What I really am," cried she, in an emphatic accent, and raising her hand, impressively, "you do not yet know, nor can possibly conjecture; but the period is at hand in which you'll be enlightened on the subject; besides the tale of wonder which our recent adventures have fur-

nished me with for my friends in general, I have one for your private ear in particular, which I am inclined to think will astonish you quite as much, if not more, than that will them—a tale, which though not exactly calculated to

"Freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

nevertheless contains sufficient of the marvellous to astonish you. Ask me no questions now," added she, with quickness, seeing the lips of Osmond sever; "your curiosity cannot be gratified till I arrive in Naples, nor then, except in every instance you attend to the instructions I shall now give you."

"After what occurred last night, I cannot think of asking you to attach yourself to our society for the present; but take heed not to lose sight of the carriage in which we travel; at least, be particularly careful to keep it in view on its approach to Naples. A house is already prepared for us there, but we shall sleep the first night of our arrival at an hotel; and wherever we lodge for that night. I wish you also to take up your quarters, that I may the next morning have an opportunity of conversing with you. And now that you may have something to remind you of what I have been saying, take this," drawing a ring from her finger, and offering it to him.

- "Remind me, madam!" repeated Osmond, with emphasis. "Good heaven!" colouring violently, and drawing back, "surely you cannot think it possible I require any thing for that purpose."
- "Well, since you will not accept it on that account, accept it for another," said Mrs. Raymond, smiling; "accept it for the purpose of reminding you of my friendship, of my having more than a common esteem for you."
- "Oh, madam!" in accents which spoke the fulness of his heart, "your conduct on

the present occasion renders any further proof of that unnecessary"

- "Well, I will urge the matter no further," said Mrs. Raymond, with seeming carelessness; "indeed I know not that I am perfectly justified in parting with this, since it was a present from Cordelia."
- "Cordelia!" echoed Osmond, with emotion so violent as to shake his frame, and involuntarily catching the hand which held the proffered gift.
- "Yes, a present from my daughter."

 "Ah, madam!" cried Osmond, and gently disengaging the now inestimable ring from her hand, he pressed it to his
- ring from her hand, he pressed it to his lips; "but what am I to think—what am I to infer from this?" he suddenly exclaimed, as if starting from a dream, and again looking not only with earnestness, but a degree of wildness at Mrs. Raymond.
- "You are to infer," replied she, again laying her hand on his arm, and looking with mingled complacency and tenderness in his face, "that virtue, sooner or later,

will, even in this life, meet a reward; that, let cynics say what they will to the contrary, real happiness may be experienced here by those who steadily pursue the road of rectitude: in short. that innocence and goodness, like patience and industry, are blessings that assuredly lay the foundation for others. But endeavour to compose yourself-my daughter accompanied me to the hermitage, and not being so fatigued as I was by the ascent to it, went with its holy inmate to view a curious grotto, a little way off; I expect her back by this time, and know she will be uneasy should she not find me where we parted. I must, therefore, leave you now, but if you choose, you may by and bye follow me."

Then kissing her hand to him, she hurried back to the hermitage.

For some minutes after she left him Osmond was inclined to believe himself under the influence of a dream, so strange, so incredible did what had recently occurred appear to him—so strange, so incredible,

that she should meditate, as her looks, her words, above all, the circumstance of the ring tended to persuade him she did, favouring his passion for her daughter—a daughter for whom she had such just reason to expect a splendid alliance.

The only way in which he could account for such an intention, was by concluding she possessed an independent fortune, and saw no other means of preventing the lovely girl becoming the victim of a stern and inexorable father's ambition, than by consigning her to his arms.—" Yes—yes, it must be so," he mentally exclaimed, " it must be to a conviction of this nature—a conviction but too probably derived from painful self-experience of the inability of wealth and splendour alone to confer happiness on the feeling heart, that her intention of rendering me the most blest-most enviable of men is owing. And will Cordelia-the lovely, the divine Cordelia herself-will she, whom nature and education have so eminently qualified to shine in the most distinguished circles—will she ac-

quiesce in this intention? will she be reconciled to her mother's moderate views respecting her?—O yes, my heart assures me she will; the proofs of reciprocal tenderness, which her agitation, her emotion in our recent interview betraved—those delightful proofs which prudence no longer interdicts my dwelling on convince me, beyond a doubt, she will. Besides, I am convinced Mrs. Raymond would not have the cruelty to inspire hopes, at least of such a nature as she has given birth to in my bosom, without beholding a certainty of their being realized, since she must be aware that there is a wide difference between the feelings excited by the vanishing of the happiness we never expected to possess, and that we had every hope of calling ours."

Having a little subdued his agitation, he retraced his way back to the hermitage, and found the amiable mother and lovely daughter sitting beneath the shadow of a cliff, with the refreshments the attendants had succeeded in procuring, spread upon

the turf before them, and at a little distance conversing with them the hermit, an old man of eighty; but, notwithstanding his advanced age, still retaining a tinge on his cheek, and an animation in his eyes, that proved his faculties were unimpaired, and that he possessed health and tranquillity.

But interesting as such an object would have been at another period to Osmond, he had now for some minutes only eyes for Miss Raymond, owing to his anxiety to learn whether she had yet received any intimation of her mother's surmised intentions, and how she felt on the subject, both which he flattered himself he should be able to discover by her countenance; nor was he mistaken—the mantling blush that suffused it at his approach, the blended confusion and pleasure with which she half met, half avoided, his ardent gaze, convinced him, that she was not only acquainted with, but rejoiced at them.

At the motion of her mother he took a seat beside her, and by those delicate, those

nameless attentions which the enamoured heart can alone dictate, gave her silently to understand what was then passing in his.

At length Mrs. Raymond, wishing to give her daughter an opportunity of endeavouring to overcome the emotion she was evidently in, sought to divert his attention by directing it to the hermit.

The venerable man, after conversing some time with them, was called away for some minutes by the return of Mactalla, who, besides the present, was charged with a message to him.

This is solitude indeed," said Mrs. Raymond, on his withdrawing out of hearing; "but a solitude not appalling to the senses.—True," continued she, with quickness, anticipating the observations she saw Osmond on the point of making, "we now see it under the most favourable circumstances, illumed with sunshine, and adorned with the rich and variegated beauties of autumn. But when the storms arise, and foul and fierce

all winter drives along the troubled air, when the foliage of the forest lies in rude heaps upon the earth, and the brows of the mountains, instead of being veiled, as now, in light clouds, are covered with snow, I can easily picture to myself what a savage scene it must present to the view. How deplorable the situation of its inhabitant must then be!

"But, though this were not the case, it chills one to think of a human creature being so secluded from his species. I can scarcely think that any thing short of the total overthrow of his hopes and happiness can induce any one voluntarily to abjure society."

"A social and benevolent spirit naturally thinks so," said Osmond; "but, alas! there are too many proofs of the reverse to admit a doubt on the subject being the case. Superstition and false notions of religion have often the same effect upon the mind, that a long series of suffering sometimes has, namely, that of creating gloom and misanthrophy, and

destroying all those social principles implanted in our nature, for the promotion of our own happiness and that of our species, and those corresponding sympathies, from the exercise and experience of which man derives his highest felicity."

"But doubtless sorrow sometimes gives a tenant to the hermitage—a devotee to the monastic cell?" rejoined Mrs. Raymond.

"Assuredly," returned Osmond. I am well aware there are sorrows which must render a continuance in busy life insupportable to the feeling heart. When the gates of death are closed upon his prospects, then, then, indeed, I do not wonder at a man's shrinking into solitude."

"But though we may not be able to persuade ourselves that the hermit's life is a pleasant one," said Mrs. Raymond, pursuing the conversation the surrounding scenery gave rise to, "one cannot avoid thinking the shepherd's life must be a delightful one in these charming regions. A hundred times as I journied along, and caught a glimpse of the delicious solitudes

they inhabit, the luxuriant plains on which they feed their flocks, the peace and tranquillity that appear to preside over their pine-shadowed and romantically situated dwellings; and contrasted these with the anxieties and dissentions that prevail but too much in the crowded haunts of men, I could not forbear thinking, that here, at least, as Shakspeare says, it were—

"A happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain, To sit upon a hill as we do now, To carve out dials quaintly, point by point, Thereby to see the minutes how the run: How many make the hour full complete, How many hours bring about the day, How many days will finish up the year, How many years a mortal man may live. When this is known to divide the time-So many hours must I tend my flock, So many hours must I take my rest, So many hours must I contemplate, So many hours must I sport myself, So many days my ewes have been with young, So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean, So many months ere I shall shear the fleece-So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years, Past over to the end they were created, Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."

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"That the character, into whose mouth Shakspeare put that beautiful speech should think such a life sweet, a lovely one, is not surprising," said Osmond. "It was natural for the unfortunate Henry, encompassed as he was by danger, and harrassed and perplexed in every direction, to think

> "The hawthorn bush gave a sweeter shade To shepherds looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy, To kings that fear their subjects treachery"—

That

"The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wouted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treasons wait on him."

At length the hermit re-appeared, and after a little further conversation with him, in the course of which Osmond, but in the most delicate manner, endeavoured to dis-

cover whether it was misfortune had driven him to seek "this solitude forlorn," and was informed, that his taking up his abode in it was solely the result of inclination, the party took leave of him.

How so old a man could possibly scramble up and down such mountains, to procure for himself the necessaries of life, was a matter of astonishment to Osmond and his fair companions. In their way from his abode, however, they learned from Felisco, that this was a fatigue he had long been exempt from, by the humanity, or rather piety of the people in the neighbourhood, who for their charitable contributions, conceived themselves well repaid by his prayers, so great was his reputation for sanctity.

"Aye, so they say," rejoined Mactalla: "the lady who sent him the basket gave me to understand they mean to make a saint of him as soon as he dies; and so they may if they please—but neither new nor old saint will ever rival good St. Benedict in my regard."

In their descent Mrs. Raymond intrusted to Osmond the care of her daughter, and thus afforded him an opportunity of giving utterance, in some degree, to the transports of his heart.

"Oh, my Cordelia," he softly, and perhaps involuntarily whispered to her, as with cautious tenderness he guided her down the declivity, "how richly does this moment, which gives to me the liberty of styling you so, compensate me for all I Oh, thus,"—and have lately suffered! for an instant he strained her to his throbbing heart, "thus may we journey onward—thus may I be permitted to assist and support you through any difficulties that may occur; say but that you participate in my present happiness," eagerly endeavouring to catch a glance from her half averted eyes, "and who in this world can be happier than I shall.

"I—I ever," but not without a little hesitation and a rising blush, replied his lovely mistress, "participate in the happiness of my friends." Osmond rapturously kissed her hand"Words are inadequate to express the feelings this goodness inspires," said he
but my actions will yet, I trust, demonstrate the effect it has upon me."

The prospects that in various directions met the view of the party, caused them frequently to pause in their descent.-Here they beheld magnificent cascades, foaming down stupendous precipicesthere, rich vineyards and fertile plains, diversified with clumps of trees, tinted with the golden hues of autumn, and half shrouding the cottages of those whose flocks were scattered over them. froth and green tincture of the falling waters, the astonishing echoes of the rocks, amongst which they dashed, the striking contrast produced by the fertility of the plains, and the barrenness of the steeps that overhung them, the immense ridges of mountains that extended on every side, and the deep gloom of their vast forests, altogether produced a scene of the most

romantic and impressive kind, such as completely satisfied taste and fancy.

The pleasing sensations which it inspired were presently damped, however, by a message which awaited the ladies, at the spot where the French boy was stationed with the horses.

Incensed at what he conceived their long absence, Mr. Raymond dispatched a messenger, to inform them of the displeasure it had excited, and desired they might not lose a moment in rejoining him.

The cheek of Osmond kindled at the terms in which his wish for their return was expressed. He restrained the indignation, however, it gave rise to in his mind, and respectfully kissing the hand of each, took leave of them for the present.

He continued on the spot where they had parted till they quitted the auberge, then vaulted on his horse, and followed quickly after their carriage. How changed did now the face of nature appear to him! From the revolution his feelings had undergone, every thing again looked gay and smiling around him; and restored, if not to calmness, at least to happiness, he was now able to do ample justice to the picturesque scenery through which he travelled.

The remainder of the journey passed without any occurrence worth mentioning,—It was late when the party entered Naples, and so dark, that Osmond had some difficulty in keeping up with the carriage of his fair friends.

They alighted at one of the principal hotels, and as soon as they were accommodated, he desired to be shewn to an apartment. He was obeyed, and immediately after supper, retired to repose.

Long as it was since he had had an opportunity of enjoying any, still his anticipations of the events of the ensuing day kept him awake, for a considerable time after he had laid his head on the pillow.

At length Somnus laid his leaden sceptre vol. vi.

on his eyelids, nor removed it until the morning was far advanced.

On rising he rang for Mactalla, and anxious to know whether Mrs. Raymond had been inquiring for him, demanded, the instant he made his appearance, with a palpitating heart, but seeming carelessness. whether any one had been asking for him?

- "O, no, not a soul, signor," replied Mactalla; "indeed, as his grace, the Duke D'Amalfi does not yet know of your arrival, I don't know who should, seeing that you are quite a stranger here."
- "True," replied Osmond; "but—but," in some confusion, "what I meant was, whether Mrs. Raymond had been making any inquiry for me this morning?"
- "She! O no, not she!—she didn't open her lips about you."
- "You saw her then," said Osmond, with quickness; at least I think I am to infer so from your answer."
- "O yes, I saw her at least an hour and a half ago."

"An hour and a half ago!" repeated Osmond, in the most impatient accent, and totally forgetting himself, "and not call me?"

"Call you!—for what then?—I am sure you wanted a good sleep after all the fatigue you have lately undergone; besides, even if I had called you, I am sure you would not have had an opportunity of speaking to her, she was in such a hurry going, or rather Mr. Raymond was in such a hurry taking her away."

"Taking her away!" repeated Osmond, starting back, and surveying Mactalla with a wild stare—"and—and Miss Raymond," he faltered out with all the agitation of alarm, "did he take her away also?"

"That he did," said Mactalla, "bag and baggage—he took them all clean off."

"But probably his address is known by the people of the house," cried Osmond, a little recovering himself from the idea of this being the case.

" No."

"Why, how do you know whether it is

or is not?" in a passionate tone, he de-

- "Because I inquired," answered Mactalla.
- "And how—which way," with increasing vehemence, he asked, "did they go?"
- "They went in a coach," returned Mactalla, with the greatest coolness, "and turned to the left."
 - "You saw them going then?"
 - " Yes."
- "And why not pursue them—how were you employed that you did not do so?"
- "Why, signor, I was in a little room that fronts the street, getting the Jewish ornament, which, against my inclination, I had so long worn upon my chin, taken off by a French barber I chanced to light upon; but even though I had'nt been thus engaged, I don't know that I should have pursued them, seeing I didn't know of any reason I had to do so."
 - "Oh, you have undone me-you have

undone me by not following them!" exclaimed Osmond passionately, and striking his forehead. "My dream of happiness is over," he cried, pacing the room-"yes-yes," to himself, "this is the work of Mr. Raymond. He, doubtless, by some means or other, suspected the intentions of his wife respecting me, and has carried her off in this manner, in order to prevent the fulfilment of them: but I will not quietly rest under such a disappointment; I should merit the loss of the felicity thus snatched from me, if I did not make an effort to recover it. Pray," again addressing Mactalla, "did you overhear any direction given to the coachman?"

- "Why, I thought, signor, that I heard that sinner, Mr. Raymond—for, by the lord, if his countenance, which, notwithstanding all his care to conceal, I caught a glimpse of once or twice, don't belie him, he is one—say something about the Largo Castilio."
- "Run this instant, then," said Osmond, and procure me a guide thither."

"Lord, signor," cried Mactalla, whose astonishment at the wildness of his gestures was unspeakable, and which, as he at present had no suspicion of the strong attachment between him and Miss Raymond, he was almost inclined to impute to a brain disordered by fatigue and long anxiety," had you not better breakfast before you set out on your rambles? besides, there's his grace the Duke D'Amalfinto be sure he expects the first thing you'll do upon your arrival here is to pay him a visit."

him one now," answered Osmond; "but to-morrow, perhaps," he added, after a little hesitation, owing to the irreparable injury he suddenly reflected he might do himself with this nobleman, if he acted in any manuer calculated to give him offence, as he could not but acknowledge his not hastening to pay his respects to him was, and, besides, the ingratitude such conduct would manifest towards his amiable and valued friends at Acerenza, "I hope to be

sufficiently recovered to do so.—In the course of the day, however, you shall go to his palace with a letter from me, to acquaint him of my arrival, and inquire when it will be agreeable to have me pay my respects to him, for men in his public situation are not always at leisure or disposed to receive visitors."

"That I will, signor," said Mactalla, joyfully, recovering from the consternation which the idea of Osmond's not meaning to go near the Duke D'Amalfi, whom he looked upon as their sheet anchor at Naples, had thrown him into.

"Very well—and now," in a hurried accent, "hasten to procure me the guide I require."

Mactalla finding it in vain to remonstrate against this measure, withdrew to obey him.

"Yes," continued Osmond, on Mactalla's retiring, "I'll make every exertion to discover Mrs. Raymond; and if fortunate enough to succeed, will take care not to lose sight of her again, except assured

the intentions she flattered me with hopes of entertaining are altered.

"Well, signor," cried Mactalla, returning in a few minutes, accompanied by a well-dressed lad, "I have brought you such a person as you want: this young lad, Paulo Zerbi, says he knows every inch of Naples; and to be sure 'tis not wonderful he should, seeing he was born and bred here, since I myself, who was never here before, know a good deal of it; as for instance, I know that here are squares, streets, lanes, and alleys—then there are churches, convents, chapels, and——"

"Fools!" interrupted Osmond, passionately, his impatience to commence his search being unspeakable: "do you mean," he added, with a look, and in an accent very unusual with him, to drive me entirely mad, by delaying me in this manner?—come along, boy," turning to the guide, "lead the way to the Largo Castilio."

The lad, without moving, looked at

Mactalla, as if he required some further directions from him.

The fact was, Mactalla, in their way to the apartment, having dropped something like a hint of the apprehended derangement of his master, owing to his solicitude to have him particularly attended to in his ramble, the lad conceived it requisite to know from him whether or not he should now obey the order he had received.

Mactalla, alarmed by this conduct, lest it should create a suspicion in the mind of Osmond of what he had said, endeavoured, by significant looks, to make him underderstand he should go.

Ere, however, he could make him comprehend his meaning, Osmond, little brooking such delay, seized him suddenly by the shoulder, and shaking him rather roughly, inquired, in an angry tone, whether he was deaf?

- "No, signor," replied the lad, in submissive accents, and bowing.
- "Then again I say, lead the way directly to the Largo Castilio."

Still, however, Zerbi hesitated, and continued looking at Mactalla, which Mactalla perceiving, and catching the penetrating eyes of Osmond on him at the moment—

"By the Powers then one would suppose you were!" he cried; "and what is more, not only deaf but incapable of moving," giving him at the same moment a more expressive look than he had before done.

The lad no longer at a loss to guess his meaning, again bowed to Osmond, and immediately led the way to the square he was so anxious to visit.

CHAP. IV.

"Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath th' Thracian clime we freeze,
Or the mild bliss of temperate skies forego,
And in mid Winter tread Stthonian snow;
Love conquers all."

DRYDEN.

Osmond followed in silence, and so absorbed in thought, that he neither heard nor saw any thing, and started, as if from a dream, on the lad's suddeniy stopping and informing him he was then in the Largo Castilio.

"Indeed!" cried Osmond, looking around him for a few minutes, with a vacant eye; then recovering himself a little, "You know by whom these houses are occupied, I presume, my friend?"

- "Yes, signor, except a few that are let to English families.
- "English families!" repeated Osmond, with animation. "Run, my good lad, and inquire at their respective mansions for a gentleman of the name of Raymond."
- "Lord, signor," cried Zerbi, hesitaing, and rubbing his head, "won't my knocking at the different doors seem rather queer?"
- "No matter," returned Osmond; "I'll be at your elbow, to prevent any thing disagreeable resulting to you from your obeying my orders."
- "Oh, very well, signor; if you'll take the blame of the thing upon yourself, I am satisfied to do as you wish."

Accordingly he proceeded to make the inquiry he had been desired, but to no purpose. Mr. Raymond was not the inhabitant of any one of the houses at which he knocked.

As he approached the last one—" should disappointment await me here too," cried Osmond mentally—his heart almost died within him at the idea.

Again he was destined to experience it; but he was this time so lost in the surprise, the delight, the tumultuous emotions excited by hearing Lord O'Sinister was the occupier of this mansion, that he scarcely felt it.

To have met with even a common acquaintance in a place like the present, where he neither knew, nor was known by any one, would have been a truly welcome circumstance; no wonder then, that to meet thus unexpectedly a person whom he looked upon as a real friend, scarcely less interested in his welfare than his own family, should be a source of the liveliest pleasure to him.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed to himself, "how delightful, how fortunate his being here at such a period! How welcome will his society be to me, after being so long estranged from the society of all I could consider native friends; and how serviceable may his notice prove to me; the Duke D'Amalfi will be convinced by it that his relations have not introduced an improper character to him; and Mr. Raymond, should I be so fortunate as to discover his residence, that I am not other than I have represented myself."

For some minutes he stood irresolute whether or not he should immediately pay his compliments to his lordship. At length the agitation in which he found himself, and the idea that a letter might by this time perhaps he arrived for him at the hotel, from Mrs. Raymond, induced him to decide on deferring a visit to him to another opportunity.

The moment he re-entered the hotel, he eagerly inquired whether there was any message or letter for him, and to his extreme mortification was answered in the negative. His chagrin, however, did not render him forgetful of the attention due to the Duke D'Amalfi. He wrote a respectful note to his excellency, to acquaint

him of his arrival in Naples, and request him to fix the time at which he would choose to see him.

To this a most gracious answer was returned, in which the duke, after expressing the pleasure it gave him to hear of his safe arrival, apologized for not being able to see him for a day or two, owing to a national business of very great importance, in which he was just at this juncture engaged.

Osmond, from the agitated state of his mind at present, and the wish he had to pursue, without interruption, his search after the Raymonds, was infinitely more pleased at this, than if he had been invited to an immediate conference with his excellency.

Sometimes he was inclined to hope his inquiries after this family would speedily prove successful; then again, when he reflected on the wary and suspicious character Mr. Raymond appeared to be, he almost despaired of success.

Could he have flattered himself with a

hope of their remaining any length of time in Naples, this was an apprehension he probably would not have yielded to; but apprised, as from his conduct Mr. Raymond appeared to be, of the intentions of his lady respecting him, he could not persuade himself that they would not speedily change their quarters.

That Mrs. Raymond would ever voluntarily have left the hotel in such a manner, he had not the smallest idea.— His confidence in her sincerity was too great to permit him to harbour one of the kind—his opinion of her sensibility too exalted, to allow him to imagine she had trifled with his feelings, by inspiring hopes she knew to be fallacious, and must be convinced could not be disappointed without inflicting the severest anguish.

The pain which he felt assured she experienced at being prevented coming to the explanation she had promised—the unhappiness he felt equally convinced her lovely daughter suffered from the circumstance, aggravated his own.

The transports into which he was thrown by his apprehensions of not discovering them, and of Mr. Raymond's forcing his daughter into a precipitate, perhaps hateful union, in order to keep her from his arms, were well calculated to increase, or rather confirm Mactalla's suspicion of all not being right in his head.

This suspicion, in confidence, he imparted to his boson friend Felisco, who, on hearing the circumstances to which it was owing, allowed there was cause sufficient for it. He greatly consoled Mactalla, however, by assuring him he had no doubt whatever but that quiet and rest would speedily restore his master to his right senses, and in the meanwhile advised his keeping a watchful eye over him-advice which the strong affection Mactalla had conceived for Osmond, whose unassuming manners and gentle temper were indeed particularly calculated to conciliate regard, rendered superfluous: but even though his attachment to him had been less fervent than it was, still would the consideration of

his being the highly valued friend of the Acerenza family, to whom he (Mactalla) conceived himself under unreturnable obligations, for their kindness to himself and father, have induced him to pay him every attention.

His dread of his master's supposed malady being discovered by the people of the house, should he be much subiected to their observation, and of thus perhaps reaching the ears of the Duke D'Amalfi, to the great injury of his expectations in that quarter induced him to take upon himself the office of waiter. to which circumstance, in all probability, was owing Osmond's not rising from table this day, as he had done from that at Venosa, namely, without touching the repast set before him, so lost was he in thought, so absorbed in painful reflections -reflections which had entirely dissipated the gleam of joy shed over his feelings by his unexpected discovery respecting Lord O'Sinister.

A faint hope of meeting Mr. Raymond,

and thus perhaps being enabled to trace his residence, occasioned Osmond to visit a few of the coffee-houses in the evening; and probably he would have visited more, but for his suddenly recollecting he should derive no benefit from meeting Mr. Raymond, except he heard his name mentioned, his features being still utterly unknown to him.

The ensuing morning, agreeable to the resolve of the preceding day, he repaired to pay his respects to his noble and highly esteemed friend, Lord O'Sinister, but was disappointed of the pleasure of seeing him, by his lordship having just gone out to ride, nor could the servant say when he would be back; his return, therefore, being uncertain, Osmond, instead of waiting, begged to leave a note. Accordingly he was shewn into a library, where he wrote a few lines, merely stating the accidental manner in which he had discovered his lordship's being in Naples, and the anxiety he felt to pay his compliments to him in person.

On his return to the hotel, the restlessness which anxiety and incertitude made him experience, united to his determination of not losing any time in the prosecution of his search after the Raymonds, which, if still in Naples, he thought he should be most likely to succeed in, by visiting the different public edifices, caused him to send for the guide of the preceding day.

On his entering his apartment, Osmond demanded whether he could devote the whole of the day to him, as he wished in the course of it to go over Naples, and take a view of all its public buildings.

The lad without replying, first viewed Osmond with a stare of astonishment, and then turning to Mactalla, regarded him with a similar one.

"Why, what the devil is the matter with you!" asked Mactalla, again fearing if he did not interpose the hint he hadgiven him respecting his master might be betrayed. "If the signor had desired

you to shew him to the infernal regions, you could not look more surprised."

"And no wonder, I am sure you'll allow," said Zerbi. "Yes, I am certain you must confess it was enough to make me stare, to hear the signor say he intended going over the city, and viewing all its public buildings in the course of one day, when I inform you, that the monasteries and convents only of both sexes here are one hundred and fortynine; besides which, there are thirty four houses for poor boys, girls, and women; also eleven hospitals, five seminaries for ecclesiastics, four principal churches, thirty-two parish churches, seventy other churches and chapels, and upwards of one hundred and thirty oratories, or chapels of religious fraternities."

"Blessed St. Benedict! but there are more than are good of them, I warrant," said Mactalla, still more convinced, from this circumstance, of his master being a little deranged, as he could not for a moment imagine a person of his education ignorant on the subject.

Osmond could not forbear blushing at the absence of mind which the inadvertent manner he had just expressed himself in evinced.

"I merely meant, my good lad," said he, again addressing Zerbi, "that I wished to see the most celebrated parts of the city, and the buildings generally first visited by strangers."

"Oh, now I understand you, signor," returned Zerbi, no longer hesitating to lead the way.

The cathedral dedicated to St. Januarius, and in which the head and blood of that saint, the latter in two crystal vials, are kept, was the first place Osmond was taken to; and, notwithstanding the abstracted state of his mind, he viewed it with some attention, and altogether considered it a very fine old structure.

The Jesuits' church, too, and which he next visited, decorated as it was in every

part with the most costly ornaments, also laid claim to his admiration; nor did that of the Holy Apostles, esteemed the richest in paintings, and other embellishments, excite a less lively sensation.

The celebrated convent, too, of St. Clare, supposed to be the largest in the world, containing no fewer than one hundred and fifty nuns, exclusive of servants of all denominations, he considered well worthy of regard, and as he viewed its magnificent church, could not forbear wishing to have had a peep into the interior.

But what particularly pleased him, were the sublime views most of the religious edifices commanded—views, with the vast extent and amazing grandeur of which the magnificence of those buildings perfectly accorded.

Amongst other places, as in his opinion better worth seeing than any other, Zerbi took Osmond to the Grotto del Cane.—Here, however, Osmond staid but a few minutes: the cruel experiments, practised on the most faithful of the brute creation,

drove him with horror and disgust from the spot, astonished how any person could allow their curiosity to be gratified at the expense of their humanity.

In their way back to the hotel, delightful music from an open church invited him to enter; he found it crowded, and inquiring the cause, learned it was the festival of the saint to whom it was dedicated.

The sacerdotal splendour here exhibited to his view was truly dazzling to his senses; his attention, however, was quickly diverted from this by the noise and confusion, occasioned by the number of people who were perpetually crowding in and crowding out.

More confused than gratified by the scene, Osmond soon endeavoured to make his escape; but in vain he strove to regain the entrance. At length he succeeded in getting to a side aisle, where again he began to breathe freely. He proceeded down this till his progress was impeded by a bar, which raising, he found himself

on advancing a few steps farther, in an inclosure, containing a small altar, before which he was somewhat startled, on perceiving a gentleman extended, apparently in a deep swoon, and which, from his hand being pressed against his left side, Osmond concluded to be owing to some hurt he had received there.

- "Poor gentleman," said he, stopping, and turning towards Zerbi, who, notwithstanding the crowd and bustle they had just been in, had contrived to keep close to him, "what a melancholy situation! I wish we could find some door here that we might carry him out."
- "Carry him out!" repeated Zerbi, with a stare of astonishment.
- "Yes," replied Osmond, but without attending to this look; "the air would be of use to him."
- "Of use to him, signor!" again repeated Zerbi, and staring, if possible, still more strangely at him.
- "Doubtless," returned Osmond, and, stepping forward, he passed his arm under vol. 1v.

his neck, for the purpose of rendering him some assistance. Scarcely had he done so, however, when he felt himself almost dragged to the ground, by the violent pull Zerbi gave to the skirt of his coat, and who at the same moment exclaimed—

"Signor, signor, are you really mad!" (of his being so indeed he had now no longer a doubt) "or do you mean to commit sacrilege by robbing the dead?"

Osmond, in unutterable astonishment, stared first at Zerbi and then at the body before him. Ere he recovered sufficiently from this to give utterance to the curiosity so strange a circumstance excited, a monk approached, and being informed by Zerbi of what had just passed, immediately conceived the mistake Osmond had made, his appearance announcing him a foreigner, and in consequence explained to him, that it was customary at Naples to bring every person to church in full dress, soon after their death, for the purpose of having the service read over them, which ceremony being performed, the corpse was carried

home, and having no further occasion for its fine clothes, was then stripped to the shirt and buried privately.

Osmond, though through politeness he forbore to say so, could not help thinking it ludicrous in the extreme, dressing out the dead in such a manner; their general costume being embroidered clothes, laced hat, long ruffles, hair finely powdered, a blooming nosegay in one hand, and the other pressed in a graceful manner against the side; but by no means disapproved of the custom that he also understood prevailed here, of carrying them uncovered to the grave, (since, as an elegant and animated writer has observed) he conceived it a custom, calculated to annihilate the puerile dread of corpses, and at the same time present an instructive and striking image of the vanity of human life.

He thanked the monk for his politeness, and was still further indebted to him, by being let out by him at a private door.

The pleasure which this his first tour through Naples would have afforded him, would have been great, but for his having sought in vain throughout it for those he was so anxious to discover. With increased heaviness of heart he returned to the hotel, almost convinced he should see them no more. He could alone keep him self from absolute despair, by determining to write to the count, to implore him to endeavour to obtain from his aunt the address of Mr. Raymond, with which he had no doubt of her being acquainted.

At the door of the hotel he found Mactalla, apparently watching for his return, and to his surprise with a sorrowful countenance.

- "What's the matter?" he hastily, and in some agitation inquired, on gaining his apartment; "has any thing unpleasant occurred during my absence, Mactalla?—for you seem quite cast down."
- "By the Powers and a good right I have to be so," said Mactalla, "for we are going to lose Felisco."
- "Yes, signor," said Felisco, who had also followed his steps, and now with a low

bow advanced into the room; "and moreover, I am on the point of being rendered the happiest of men."

- "Indeed!" cried Osmond, "then I assure you, my good friend, I rejoice to hear so, for the obligations you have laid me under have rendered me highly interested about you."
- "I thank you, signor, for your goodness," said Felisco, with another bow; "and now permit me to say, that if you have any curiosity to learn the circumstances which occasioned my joining the villains we so fortunately escaped from, I shall be happy to gratify you."
- "If agreeable to you to relate them, I shall be happy to listen to you."
- "Love, signor," (began Felisco) "love was the occasion of my imprudence. A young Paysanne, the daughter of a farmer, in whose service I engaged, in consequence of being obliged to forsake the neighbourhood of my native village, soon made a conquest of my silly heart; but as I imagined her father would never consent to

her bestowing herself on such a poor wight as I was, I did all in my power to smother the passion with which she had inspired me, and for that purpose strove, as much as possible to shun her, but to no purpose: wherever I went, she was always, like my shadow, close at my heels; if I went to the field to sow grain, Bona was sure to be there before me; if I went to examine the fences, I was sure to meet with Bona; when I went to reap the harvest, Bona would start out upon me, like a bird from the midst of the standing corn; and never did I visit the market town, without finding her there, dressed out in her holiday finery, and looking as beautiful as an angel. Nay, I assure you, signor," observing Osmond smile at these words. "I don't exaggerate in saying so, which I imagine you'll allow, when I inform you, she has a fine round fat face, as red as a full-blown rose, and about the size of a middling cheese, and that her person is stout in proportion; then she is as blithe as a bird, and as strong as a young horse; can continue dancing

longer than a person bitten by the tarantula, and manage a load many men would complain of. Often and often did she lighten my labour, by carrying large sacks of corn to the granary for me."

- "What a happy man," interrupted Osmond, "to be able to look forward to having such a divinity in your arms! upon my word, Mr. Felisco you are an enviable fellow."
- "Aye, so I should have said too," cried Mactalla, "had he said less of Miss Bona's fat face."
- "Well, every one to his taste," said Felisco, but with rather an air of chagrin; if every one had the same, why what would there be but continual squabbles in the world."
- "Justly observed, indeed," cried Osmond; "and so now, if you please, my good friend, go on with your story."
- "Well, signor, one day, it had like to have proved a fatal day to me, I went to market with some corn, and there, as usual, I found her before me, flaunting in

new ribbons, as gay and as proud as a horse on the Corso, looking altogether so charming indeed, that I could not forbear, contrary to my usual custom, ogling her a little; for, persuaded her father would never consent to our union, I tried, by distance towards her, to check a passion, that of course I could not but suppose would render her unhappy."

"Generous indeed!" said Osmond,

"Ah, signor, but generosity in love affairs is seldom, I believe, of any long du-Instead of returning my smile, as I expected, and indeed wished, she passed me with a scornful air and immediately fell into discourse with a young man, the son of a neighbour, and who, I had some reason to imagine, looked upon her with an eve of love. In this idea, as also that I had deceived myself with regard to her sentiments for me, I soon became confirmed by the conduct I now saw going In short, signor, I got between them. jealous, and at at last became so transported with fury on seeing her allow him to kiss.

her, that without more ado, I drew my stiletto, and flying upon them, plunged it first into her bosom, and then into his, savagely determined that no one should possess the happiness I coveted.

"The people gathered round; caped through the crowd, and took refuge' in the first church I came to, where of course I was safe: but I could not remain here for ever: so in the dead of the night I resolved on flying to a neighbouring forest, in hopes of finding some one there who would take me into their service. But in these hopes I was disappointed, and being nearly starved, was on the point of venturing from my hiding-place, when I was surprised by a troop of banditti; my deplorable situation excited their curiosity, and on hearing my melancholy story, they invited me to make one of their number, an invitation despair of obtaining a livelihood in any other way induced me after a little hesitation to accept of. repentance, however, soon overtook me for doing so, and I was meditating my

escape from the villains, at the very time you, signor, and my friend Mactalla here, fell into their hands.

"What followed that event you know already; all I have further therefore to relate is, that it was my intention to have sought a living in some far distant country, but for the occurrence of this day. Passing through the Strada di Toledo, I found myself suddenly clasped in the arms of a young man, the same I almost instantly perceived whom I thought I had killed. I leave you to judge, signor, what my astonishment at the moment must have been: as also my joy, particularly when informed by him that my sweet Bona had also escaped death, and was perfectly recovered. and loved me as well if not better, for the proof, though so cruel a one, I had given of my passion for her. He moreover told me that the scene which so worked upon my feelings in the marketplace, was entirely a contrivance of her's to discover whether I really loved her or not, which she was rather doubtful of,

owing to the reserve with which I treated. her: and that her father finding nothing else would render her happy, and pleased besides with my conduct whilst in his service, had consented to our being united, if we ever met again. So to-morrow I propose setting out for their village, and, as I said at the commencement of my story, am thus on the point of becoming the happiest of men; for though so imprudent as to associate for a time with a band of villains, yet as they never could prevail on me to perpetrate any heinous offence, I flatter myself 'tis a circumstance which will not make against me with the old farmer, especially when the motives that led to it are taken into consideration.

"My own prospects have not rendered me unmindful of what I owe to the community; I have already lodged information again the banditti, so that in a short time I trust the public will be freed from their depredations." He then concluded, by informing Osmond that as the village he was going to was in the road to Acerenza, he would if he pleased, take the French boy along with him, who it was settled was to return thither.

Osmond gladly embraced such an opportunity to send him back, and availed himself of the same to write to the count.

He warmly congratulated Felisco on the happy termination of his troubles, and pressed a sum of money on him, as a proof of the sincerity of his gratitude for the service he had received from him.—Not being able, however, to prevail on him to accept this, he had Zerbi again summoned, and was conducted by him to a shop where he purchased a handsome piece of silk for a wedding gown for the fair Bona, and a plain but neat suit of clothes for her husband elect, presents which he could not decline.

Evening was approaching, and Osmond was on the point of going out upon ano-

ther ramble, when a note was presented to him from Lord O'Sinister, requesting to see him immediately.

That he did not delay obeying the summons of his noble friend, may readily be believed. He repaired to him with a determination of reposing unlimited confidence in him respecting the Raymonds, conceiving his assistance might do much towards enabling him to discover them.

He found him in a magnificent drawing-room, but to his great surprise—a surprise not to be wondered at, considering what he had heard in the morning, reclined upon a couch, in a loose dress, and with his legs rolled up in flannel.

After mutual interrogations had taken place, and his lordship had informed Osmond, whom he received with every demonstration of pleasure, that ill health was the cause of his present visit to Naples, but in which he was unaccompanied by his family, and gladdened his heart by telling him that he had heard from Heath-

wood but a few days previous to his departure from. England, and that all were then well there, he proceeded to inquire why he did not wait to see him in the morning, adding, he knew nothing of his having called till after dinner, or he should certainly have sent to request his company to it.

Osmond unhesitatingly informed him.

"Out riding!" repeated his lordship angrily, "good Heavens, how stupid of any of my people to say such a thing! I was in bed at the time you called, and assure you I shall consider myself well off, if able to bear even the motion of a carriage in the course of a month, so severely have I suffered by this attack of the gout."

Then extending his hand to a bell that hung near the arm of the couch, he rang it violently.

"Who was it answered Mr. Munro?" in a tone of high displeasure, he demanded of the servant who obeyed his summons.

- "I don't know who your lordship means," replied the servant.
- "I mean the gentleman who left the note which I received at dinner,"
- "Oh, the gentleman who called while your lordship was out riding," as if suddenly recollecting the circumstance, "It was I, my lord."
- "You infernal blockhead!" cried his lordship, raising himself from his recumbent posture, fury sparkling in his eyes, "what do you mean by saying I was out, when you know I was in bed at the time Mr. Munro called, and that I have not been able to get into a coach, much less on horseback, since my arrival in Naples. You know there is no one in this house that rides out at present but Jenkins."
- "True, true, my lord," stammered out the man, in an affrighted tone, and great confusion, "but I—I——"
- "None of your stupid explanations, sir!" vociferated his lordship. "I have nothing more to say to you than this—if you do not, of your own accord, know

what answer to give my friends, inquire, for I am not to run the risk of having them offended through the blunders of my people. Retire, and remember I shall not give you a second admonition on the subject."

As soon as he had withdrawn, and his lordship, with his wonted politeness, had apologized to Osmond for the vent he had given to his passion before him, he desired to know to what circumstance his being in Naples was owing, having left England on so different a destination, adding, in the whole course of his life, he had never been so surprised as by finding him here.

Osmond, as briefly as possible, narrated all that had befallen him since his embarkation from England.

His lordship listened with the most profound attention to his narrative, and also, to judge from his sudden starts, and the various changes his countenance underwent, with the most lively emotion.

Instead, however, of expressing the sym-

pathy which from these circumstances Osmond was led to believe it had excited in his mind, it was scarcely concluded, ere he burst into an immoderate and apparently uncontrollable fit of laughter, to the unutterable confusion as well as surprise of Osmond, who saw nothing in what he had been relating calculated to create mirth.

" My dear young friend," said the wily peer, as soon as he had a little recovered himself, perceiving, by the flushing cheek and kindling eye of Osmond, the resentment his unseasonable and apparently uncontrollable mirth had excited-"I ask ten thousand pardons for the latitude I have given to my feelings in the present instance; but upon my honour, if I was to have died for it, I could not help laughing at your story, it so strongly reminded me of Don Quixote's, on his coming out of the Cave of Montesinos; shipwrecks, forests, caverns, old castles, banditti, and distressed damsels, after encountering all these, you may well publish your travels, by the title of The

Wonderful Adventures of Osmond Munro. Those of the Abyssinian Traveller, and the great Munchausen himself, will appear as nothing hereafter, should you favour the public with your's.

"Why surely, my lord," cried Osmond, colouring still more violently, and in a voice trembling through excess of agitation, "you——"

"Cannot doubt your veracity," interrupting him with a smiling aspect ; " no, my dear lad, I know you too well to believe you capable of romancing; besides, even though I was not as perfectly acquainted with you as I am, still would I not discredit what you have told me, since I am well aware more events happen in this life. than are dreamt of in our philosophy. But, be assured, notwithstanding what has just passed, I am infinitely more pained than amused by your narrative—pained to think that with your excellent understanding, you should have suffered yourself to be imposed upon by a set of artful adventurers."



"Adventurers, my lord!" echoed Osmond, with a look which seemed to say he did not perfectly understand him.

"Yes," returned his lordship, with the utmost coolness, "I don't pretend to say your Count Placentia is one, but then he is no better than a ridiculous fool, who has inspired you with hopes of the most futile, the most chimerical nature; but I again assert your Raymonds are. People of real consequence don't so easily fall into the hands of banditti as they led you to imagine. In a word, I have not a doubt on my mind of their being very intimately acquainted with the honourable gentlemen from whom you were suffered to escapesuffered, I say, for take my word your movements were better known than you were aware of; or of their having associated with you, under the hope of being introduced here in such a manner as should -prevent any suspicion of what they were in reality being entertained; neither of their having gone off with the silence and secresy they did, owing to their finding at

length, through your own confession, for you say you were very candid with them, that this was a hope which could not be realized through your means, in consequence of your being a stranger here."

"Good Heavens, my lord!" exclaimed Osmond, all astonishment, "what a supposition, after telling you of our being pursued by the banditti, of their having been at Acerenza—"

"You wonder I could entertain such a one. Trust me, my dear Osmond, your being pursued by the banditti was a mere stratagem, to prevent your suspecting them to be other than they represented themselves, a consciousness of guilt frequently inducing people to have recourse to even superfluous measures to guard against detection; and as to their having been at Acerenza, did you ever see them at the Castle of Acerenza, or hear aught of them there, but from a domestic, doubtless in league with them, to impose upon you and others? In short, I am so thoroughly persuaded of their being what I have styled

them, that not all your eloquence will be able to make me forego this opinion; neither shall I be able to divest myself of uneasiness on your account, except you promise to think no more of them—solemnly promise, should chance again throw them in your way, to avoid them as you would plague, pestilence, and famine."

"Impossible, my lord!" said Osmond, with warmth; "never will I make a promise I do not mean to fulfil. In place of flying, 'tis my fixed determination to persevere in seeking them, wherever I think there is the least likelihood of meeting with them-my fixed determination never to relinquish the sentiments with which they have inspired me, except convinced, by the testimony of my own senses, they are not merited. When you reflect, my lord," endeavouring to speak with more calmness, "on the danger the banditti must. have been conscious they should incur by letting me effect my escape, I think you must be inclined to allow their conniving

at it a very improbable circumstance, and consequently that your present suspicions are erroneous."

"By no means," replied his lordship, "for I am persuaded the banditti are not confined to one haunt. In a word, instead of being induced by reflection to give up what you'are pleased to style my erroneous suspicions, I am the more confirmed in them by it."

"Then we had better drop the subject, my lord," said Osmond, again with warmth, "since one on which there is a difference of opinion cannot be dismissed too soon."

"except, as in the present case, it be essential to the welfare of any particular person to have it further discussed. My dear Osmond," he continued in one of his most insidious tones, and with a corresponding look, laying his hand too on his arm as he spoke, and gently pressing it, "you look displeased, you look offended; but surely, my dear fellow, you

should not be angry with a man for speaking his real sentiments, nor piqued with him for giving advice; when conscious, as I flatter myself in the present instance you must be, that his motive for doing so is friendship. If I had not the sincerest, the most heartfelt regard for you, believe me I never would have intruded mine on you, for I am by no means of a disposition to trouble myself with what does not immediately concern me.

"Friendship;" added he, after a short pause, "has some painful duties to fulfil; amongst these," withdrawing his hand with something like a sigh, from the arm of Osmond, as he spoke, "none I now perceive is more distressing than that of offering advice."

"Oh, my lord," cried Osmond, completely imposed upon in this instance, as he had been in many others, by the plausibility of the peer, and ashamed of the petulance he now conceived he had betrayed, "do not wrong me so much as to imagine I can feel otherwise than grateful for your advice, appreciating, as I do, the motive from which it springs—I only lament, that in this instance you should deem it necessary; but ere a short period elapses, I will hope that I shall have the power of convincing your lordship that the opinion which has occasioned it is unfounded, by having an opportunity of introducing you to the acquaintance of Mrs. Raymond and her lovely daughter. Oh, my lord, had you seen, had you conversed with them as I have done, your injurious surmises respecting them would——"

"Have been exactly what they now are," returned his lordship, with the utmost coolness, "that is, if I had met with them in the way that you did, and had been treated by them in the manner you were; for believe me, my dear Osmond, something more than a silvery voice, witching looks, or liberal sentiments, are requisite to prevent suspicious circumstances from creating doubt and distrust in the mind of a man who has mixed much in life, and had experimental know-

ledge of the various deceptions daily, hourly practised in it.—The Camilla of Le Sage, and the Milwood of Lillo, are, take my word for it, much more common characters, than a person unbacknied in the ways of the world may be inclined to imagine. The fair ladies in question are, or I am egregiously mistaken, which he who draws his inferences from actions seldom is, exactly of their description. Had you had a rich casket of jewels, or a wealthy uncle in this quarter, they [would not, I dare say, have agonized your feelings by taking themselves off in the manner they did."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Osmond, starting up in an agitation which shook his frame, and again flushed his cheek with crimson, "what a horrible surmise!—let us wave this subject, my lord," he added, after a transient pause, endeavouring to collect himself, and returning to the couch, from which unconsciously he had started.

"With all my heart," said his lordship, VOL.IV.

nodding; "and yet my dear lad," motioning Osmond to resume his seat, "I am apprehensive the one I am about introducing will not prove more agreeable."

"'Tis impossible it can prove less so, my lord," returned Osmond calmly and somewhat coolly; for though persuaded Lord O'Sinister had spoken as he had done from the best motives, yet could he not help feeling both indignat and resentful, at hearing those, so dear to his regard, so truly believed by him to be already deserving of being

" Ensky'd and sainted,"

traduced in such a manner.

"Well then," proceeded his lordship, "not to keep you in suspense, know that I should consider myself unworthy of the appellation of your friend—the friend of your family, if I delayed apprizing you of the destruction that to a certainty awaits you if you continue in Naples. Nay, hear me out without interruption," observing

Osmond again all emotion, and on the point of speaking; "your doing so will not deprive you of the power of still acting as you please."

Osmond bowed respectfully, and the subtle peer thus went on—

"The hopes which you indulge respecting the Duke D'Amalfi, are, trust me, like an edifice raised on sand, without a foundation. I know him well, for this has not been my first visit to Naples, and know him to be, in every sense of the word, a complete courtier-a man who will never think of patronizing a person who has not, in some way or other, the power of rendering him a service. is not, I assure you, by any means one of those characters that find a pleasure in sheltering modest merit, and drawing it from obscurity. To use the words of a dramatic writer-' If you can do him here, he will do you there,' but not else. I leave you, therefore, to judge whether without even that claim upon his protection, which being a fellow-subject would

give you, you have the least chance of succeeding with him."

"Oh, my lord," cried Osmond, in an accent which proved it was with difficulty he had heard his lordship thus far. "I cannot believe that the Count Placentia, the Marchesa Morati, would expose me to such a humiliating disappointment as your lordship intimates I am likely, or rather certain of experiencing from the Duke D'Amalfi. Neither can I believe that his excellency would voluntarily, incur the resentment of relations he so truly, as well as deservedly esteems, by making a promise to them he never meant to fulfil. He pledged his word to them to provide for me, and never will I relinquish the hopes his assurance to do so has inspired, till I have unquestionable proofs of their being deceitful ones."

"Ere you obtain these, it may be too late for you," said his lordship, in an impressive tone, "to remedy the evils which waiting for their realization can scarcely fail of drawing on you.—The Duke D'Amalfi will not speedily terminate your suspense, lest, if he did, his insincerity respecting you should be suspected; and when he does, trust me he will not want a pretext for disappointing your expectations, such as shall prevent his being involved on your account with the Acerenza family; for men like him, versed in the arts of courts, are never at a loss to extricate themselves from any difficulty. If you knew as much of the deceptions of life as I do, believe me, my dear Osmond, you would not be so incredulous in the present instance as you are."

"May I ever continue a stranger to what is calculated to introduce suspicion and distrust into the mind," said Osmond, with warmth and energy; "for I would rather sometimes be deceived, than live in perpetual apprehensions of being so; since if confidence between man and man be destroyed, there can be no happiness in society."

"Ah, this is quite the enthusiastic rant of a romantic mind," cried his lordship. with a smile and a shrug; "take my word for it, my young friend, as you advance in life, experience will convince you that it is both convenient and serviceable to have a thorough knowledge of its manifold artifices. But to return to the point from which we have somewhat strayed—if you have the least regard for your welfare, the interest of your family, your present peace, your future happiness, quit, I conjure you, and that without delay, this dangerous region of luxury.—The lucrative and comfortable situation in Jamaica, which I offered to you, is still open for your acceptance. Take my advice," continued his lordship, with increasing vehemence, convinced, by perceiving no change in the countenance of Osmond, that Delahad not enlightened him with regard to his character, and that he might therefore venture to press the matter, "and do not refuse it again."

"Believe me, my lord," returned Os-

mond, "I feel the most lively gratitude for the anxiety you manifest for my welfare, but in the present instance I must decline availing myself of it; for as I have not a doubt of the patronage of the Duke D'Amalfi, my mind is already made up as to my future plans."

"If you have made it up to remaining here," said his lordship, in no very complacent accent, "you have made it up to acting the part of a fool, as you will yet find to your cost, should you persist in your present resolution. Again I tell you, that to hope for any thing from that proud deceitful courtier, is to hope for what will never happen."

"Pardon me, my lord, for saying I cannot in this instance agree in opinion with you."

"Then you will not go to Jamaica?" demanded his lordship, sitting upright on the couch, and fastening his keenly penetrating and kindling eyes upon the countenance of Osmond.

Osmond bowed,

"Very well, sir—very well," but in a voice which proclaimed him dreadfully ' agitated: "I see plainly how it is; yes, 'tis evident you have imposed a fabricated tale on me; that in some way or other you have involved yourself with these vile women, of whom you have been speaking, and that 'tis on their account you scorn my advice. Yes, I am convinced 'tis not your expectations from the Duke D'Amalfi, but your entanglement with them, that induces you to determine on remaining here. Nay," added he, perceiving the lips of Osmond sever, "nothing you can say can persuade me to the contrary - no, by Heaven!" raising his voice, "nothing but your following my advice can or shall make me think you innocent!"

"Then I must still appear guilty in your lordship's eyes," said Osmond, with forced calmness, and again bowing.

CHAP. V.

"Oh, wretched man! whose too, too busy thoughts, Ride swifter than the galloping heavens round, With an eternal hurry of the soul:

Nay there's a time when e'en the rolling year Seems to stand still; dead calms are in the ocean, When not a breath disturbs the drowsy waves;

But man, the very monster of the world,
Is ne'er at rest—the soul for ever wakes."

LEE.

"What!" demanded his lordship, in a still more furious tone, "are you already so hardened in iniquity, as to be indifferent to the good opinion of a person you have so many reasons to esteem! the good opinion of him who has been not only your patron, but the patron of your family!—whose hand preserved your father from

sinking—whose purse gave you the means of acquiring the advantages you possess!"

"I am indifferent to the good opinion of no man, my lord," returned Osmond, with manly firmness; "next to the consciousness of deserving it, do I value an honourable reputation; but to avoid one painful imputation, I cannot think of incurring others still more painful; as to the obligations which your lordship has conferred upon me and my family, be assured it was not necessary to remind me of them. since they lie registered here," laying his hand upon his, at the moment, proudlyswelling heart; "but great as they are, they cannot render me forgetful of those I owe to others. Was I quietly to acquiesce in the opinion you have formed of the noble friends I have been so fortunate as to acquire in this country, I should conceive myself a monster of ingratitude."

"A truce with your sentimental speeches, sir," said his lordship; "here they cannot enswer the purpose for which they are framed, namely, that of deceiving; and tell me, I again demand, are you positively determined on not going to Jamaica?"

Again a bow was the only reply he received from Osmond.

- "Have done with your grimaces, sir," said he, more imperiously; "coxcomical airs neither suit your situation in life, nor profession."
- "Then, since your lordship wishes me to speak out,," returned Osmond, still endeavouring to curb the feelings that mantled his face with crimson, "I am positively determined not to go thither."
- shall," rejoined his lordship. "Yes, by Heaven! you either follow my advice in this instance, or forfeit my friendship for ever. Never will I continue it to a person who wilfully courts destruction, as will be the case, should you persist in remaining here. The interest I have taken in your family affairs, the part I have had in your education, authorizes me to interfere in your conduct; prepare, therefore, with.



out further hesitation, for your departure hence.'

- "Excuse me, my lord," said Osmond; "I cannot think of preparing for what I do not intend should take place."
- "But I say, sir," striking the arm of the couch with violence, "I say, sir, there is a likelihood of your departure hence taking place; ways are to be found of overcoming obstinacy."
- "With your permission, my lord," cried Osmond, "I will now retire; for I see my protracting my visit can answer no other end, than that of adding to the agitation it pains me to see you in, in your present state of health."
- "No, sir, you shall not retire till you assent to my proposal."
- "Oh, my lord," cried Osmond, somewhat indignantly, "surely you cannot suppose me so extremely variable in my disposition."
- "Then I must tell you, sir," said his lordship, with a countenance distorted with

fury, "you are an ungrateful young villain!—a hypocrite!—an impostor!—a disgrace to the profession you have embraced!—a reproach to me for having thrown away my kindness!"

"My lord," said Osmond proudly, "my heart acquits me of having merited such language."

"Then, by Heaven! when your conduct to me is explained, which depend upon it it shall, 'tis all that will acquit you. Not merit it !" he exclaimed, with, if possible, greater fury; "there is nothing vile which you do not merit from me,? starting from the couch, on which he had hitherto been reclining, with the agility of an opera dancer, and traversing the room with quick and disordered steps, to the utter amazement of Osmond, who, from the state in which he described himself, as well as his appearance, had not an idea of his being able to move without assistance, " nothing degrading, he proceeded, as if transported out of himself by passion,

"which you do not merit at my hands, for the injury you have done me."

"Injury, my lord!" cried Osmond.

"Yes, sir, the irreparable injury you have done me, by robbing me."

"Robbing you, my lord!" cried Osmond, again echoing his words. "Of what, my lord?" he demanded, in the peremptory and steady voice of courage and conscious innocence.

"Of what!" repeated the peer; "why of—of—my—my tranquility!" he added, as if suddenly recollecting himself, and in a tone, and with a smile of the most insidious expression.

"Then I will now take my leave, may lord," moving towards the door, "in order to afford you lordship a speedy opportunity of recovering what I have been so unfortunate as to deprive you of."

"Stop, sir!" said his lordship, stamping; the flamels in which his legs were enveloped, dropped, at the moment, about his heels, and to, if possible, the increasing



astonishment of Osmond, discovered them cased up in boots.

The looks of Osmond first made him sensible of what had happened. For an instant he appeared confused; then, as if to prove the correctness of what he had said, relative to a person brought up in the great world never being at a loss to relieve themselves from an embarrassment, he asserted, as with evidently feigned difficulty he returned to the couch, that he had been ordered by his physicians to wear boots, as a means of keeping down the swelling in his legs, and that he had not a doubt but that the exertions into which he had been hurried by the passion his (Osmond's) obstinacy had thrown him into, would be attended with injurious consequences to him.

Osmond, with an involuntary smile of scornful incredulity, for that his lordship was, at the present period, no more an invalid than himself, he was now thoroughly convinced, from what had just passed, though why, or wherefore he should feight

indisposition to him, was utterly above his comprehension, instead of appearing to notice this observation, drew still nearer to the door, but was again commanded to stop by his lordship.

- "Stop, sir," said he again; "I cannot permit you to withdraw, till I have told you, that less of the coxcomb in your appearance would suit better with your profession and prospects in life."
- "The coxcomb, my lord!" cried Osmond, returning his malicious glance with an involuntary indignant and inquiring one.
- "Yes, sir, the coxcomb; else you would not wear that glittering gewgaw on your finger," glancing at the right hand of Osmond, on which sparkled the valued gift of Mrs. Raymond.
- "I have already told you, my lord, how I came by this ring: as a pledge of friendship, I conceive myself fully warranted to wear it."
- "Doubtless," rejoined his lordship, "as you do to do whatever else you like.—



Will you have the goodness, sir, to favour me with a more particular view of that ring?"

"Assuredly, my lord," and immediately drawing it from his finger, he presented it to him.

His lordship examined it in silence; then resting the hand which held it on the arm of the couch, he turned, with something like his wonted countenance, to Osmond, and after expressing his regret for the warmth into which they had been transported, proposed, as they both appeared tolerably cool again, their going over the subject they had just been discussing.

"Pardon me, my lord," said Osmond,
"for objecting to this proposal, as my sentiments are unchangeable; to renew the subject we have been speaking on, could answer no other purpose than to renew the disagreeable altercation it gave rise to."

"Then, sir," haughtily waving his hand, "you may retire; and recollect the repetition of this visit will not by any means be agreeable to me."

"I am so well convinced of that, my lord," returned Osmond, with a smile—but a smile of bitterness, "that an idea of repeating it never once entered my head.—My fortune, 'tis true, is humble," he added, emphatically, and laying his hand on his breast, "but the spirit of independence lodges here, and will ever, I trust, keep me aloof from him who is capable of taking advantage of my situation to wound my feelings."

"What, sir! this to me?" demanded the peer, "this to my face?"

"Only to your face, my lord," cried Osmond, impressively; "I have nothing of the assassin in my disposition; I know not the meanness, the vileness of abusing an absent person."

" I wish to be alone, sir," said his lordship, with contemptuous coolness.

"My ring, my lord, if you please, and your wish shall be gratified."

"Your ring, sir!" repeated the peer, in an accent of well-counterfeited astonishment, and raising himself from the arm of

the couch, against which he had been leaning—" your ring, sir!" staring at Osmond.

- "Yes, the ring, my lord," repeated Osmond, in a still more peremptory tone, "Which I put into your lordship's hands but a few minutes ago."
- "Why you dream, sir—you dream!" said his lordship.
- "Oh, my lord," cried Osmond indignantly, "this is really trifling with me past endurance."
- "Why, you scoundre!" returned his lordship, "do you mean to brand me with the epithet of thief."

Osmond surveyed him for a few minutes in silence; then with calmness—but a calmness, the expression of his countenance, his every look, his every gesture, proved to be more the result of contempt than reason—"My lord, I have done," he said; "reflection will, I make no doubt, render you fully sensible of, pardon the expression—the unworthiness of your con-

duct to me."—Then slightly bowing, he quitted the apartment.

With lingering steps Osmond proceeded towards the hotel, too much disturbed in mind to wish to enter yet any place where he was liable to observation.

But powerful as were the emotions of anger and resentment which the outrageous conduct of Lord O'Sinister had given birth to, they were, if possible, surpassed by the surprise, the curiosity it also excited. What his reason could be for wishing to appear an invalid in his eyes, what his motive for driving him to Jamaica—for that he had a hidden one for desiring to get him thither was now evident to Osmond—he could not possibly conceive.

Had his lordship been a younger and a single man, he would have been almost tempted to solve the mystery, by supposing him his rival with Miss Raymond, anxious, on her account, to banish him to a distance; but situated as his lordship



was, Osmond in vain sought to fasten on some conjecture that might enlighten him on the present subject.

While almost bewildering his brain with endeavouring to do this, a thousand broken hints, and disjointed sentences of Delacour's, all tending to prove his lord-ship was not by any means the character he conceived him, recurred to his recollection, and inspired him with vague misgivings, and strange imaginings, such as decided him on making the most strenuous exertions to cancel the pecuniary obligations he and his family were under to his lordship.

"Good Heavens!" he mentally exclaimed, "to what sudden revolutions are we liable in this life!—our tastes, our feelings, our sentiments, as well as our situations! But a few hours ago, and how exalted was my opinion of Lord O'Sinister! now how ignoble do I think him—mean, tyrannical, dissimulative, presuming upon the name of benefactor, to dictate and govern!"

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But powerful as were the emotions of anger and resentment which the outrageous conduct of Lord O'Sinister had given birth to, they were, if possible, surpassed by the surprise, the curiosity it also excited. What his reason could be for wishing to appear an invalid in his eyes, what his motive for driving him to Jamaica—for that he had a hidden one for desiring to get him thither was now evident to Osmond—he could not possibly conceive.

Had his lordship been a younger and a single man, he would have been almost tempted to solve the mystery, by supposing him his rival with Miss Raymond, anxious, on her account, to banish him to a distance; but situated as his lordship

thought it but prudent to take a peep at his master, so great was the perturbation of spirits under which he had retired to repose. Accordingly he softly entered his chamber, and setting down his light near the entrance, advanced with cautious steps to the bed, and gently parting the side-curtains, had the satisfaction of finding him in a sound sleep,

"Ha, ha!" he cried to himself, on perceiving this, " blessed St. Benedict has heard my prayers. This good rest will do wonders; 'twill restore him to his right senses; blessings on his heart and handsome face, what a pity that he should lose them for a woman!" for owing to some hints received from Felisco, who had had greater opportunities than he of observing Miss Raymond and Osmond, he no longer ascribed the supposed malady of his master solely to fatigue. Then withdrawing his head, he was on the point of closing the curtains, when Osmond, under the influence of a dream, which represented Lord O'Sinister in the act of giving orders to

some ruffians to seize and force him on board a vessel bound to Jamaica, started up, and catching him by the collar, exclaimed—" No, villain, no, you shall not overcome me!"

Mactalla, supposing the fit now strong upon him, exerted all his strength to disengage himself from his grasp, but in vain; finding which, he roared out for help, and soon succeeded in drawing a number of people to the room. The tumult they occasioned quickly brought Osmond to himself, and, utterly abashed, he shrunk beneath the bed-clothes; while Mactalla, half beside himself with terror and grief, answered their interrogations as to the cause of his outcries, by exclaiming—"He is mad!—he is mad!"

Osmond, though almost provoked beyond forbearance by this assertion, aware, as he was, of the irreparable injury it was calculated to do him, was yet too apprehensive that to enter into any argument on the subject at present would only be to confirm it, not to restrain his feelings, and content himself with merely requesting to be left again to his repose, which a disagreeable dream, he added, had alone interrupted.

This request, after some hesitation, and a minute examination of his chamber, to see there was nothing in it with which he could injure himself, was at length complied with: sleep, however, visited him no more that night.

The first thing he did, on rising the next morning, was to summon his valet to his presence.

Alarmed by the recollection of what he had said concerning him the preceding night, Mactalla appeared before him with downcast eyes and an embarrassed air.— Ere Osmond entered into any remonstrance with him on the mischief such a report as he had set afloat respecting him was calculated to do, he demanded his grounds for it; and on being informed, could not avoid acknowledging to himself, that the wildness and abstraction of his manner, since his arrival at Naples, was

quite sufficient to induce a belief of his being a little deranged. For this he now accounted, in such a manner as dissipated every idea of its being owing to aught but uneasiness of mind, and succeeded in convincing Mactalla, that—

> "His pulse, as his, did temperately keep time, And make as healthful music."

The morning having nearly elapsed without any message from Lord O'Sinister, as Osmond fully expected, he at length wrote the following note to his lordship, and dispatched it by Mactalla:—

To the Right Honourable Lord Viscount O'Sinister.

"My Lord,

"My extreme anxiety to recover the valued gift of friendship, which I left in your possession last night, must plead my apology for again intruding upon your lordship; should it by any accident have been mislaid, I must entreat your lordship



to have the goodness to direct a search for it.

"I have the honour to be,
"My lord,
"Your lordship's obedient servant,
"Osmond Munro."

To this laconic billet Mactalla brought back an equally laconic one in reply, penned by the worthy confident and confederate of his lordship, Mr. Jenkins. It ran thus:

"Mr. Munro,

"My lord desires me to say, he is utterly amazed at your persisting in the insolent assertion you made last night. He bids me further tell you, that should you have the temerity to repeat it, he will, without further hesitation, have recourse to legal measures to silence you on it.

"I am, sir,
"Your's.

"J. JENKINS."

While this note was penning, Mactalla was conversing with the servant who had been the bearer of his lordship's first one to Osmond, and who, by some means or other, having contrived to overhear the conversation that took place between them in their recent interview, now repeated the same to Mactalla, to his utter rage and amazement, insomuch that it was with difficulty he was prevented making his way to his lordship, for the purpose of reproaching him for his ungenerous conduct towards his master, and enforcing the restoration of the ring.

Osmond was so irritated by the perusal of Mr. Jenkins's insolent production, as to snatch up his hat, with an intention of directly hastening to Lord O'Sinister's, but on the threshold of the door reflection interposed to arrest his steps; and the additional mortifications, which the consideration of a minute sufficed to convince him he should draw upon himself by seeking another interview with the peer, induced him to abandon the idea altogether.



But never had he found a conquest over himself so difficult as in the present instance, so insulted, so aggrieved did he consider himself.

As soon as reason had regained her empire over him, pride stimulated him to make such exertions as should keep from the knowledge of his servant, of whose knowing aught of what had recently occurred he had no idea, the feelings then passing in his mind; and still further was he prompted to endeavour to regain an appearance of composure, by the momentary expectation he was now in of being summoned to the Duke D'Amalfi. stead, however, of this being the case, he received another note from his excellency, apologizing for being under the necessity of again putting off seeing him for a few days, owing to his being obliged to wait upon the king, then at Casserta; but intreating him, in the interim, if needing any immediate service at his hands, not to be backward acknowledging the same.

Osmond returned a polite and grateful

answer to his billet, in which, after thanking his excellency for his condescending goodness, he assured him, that emboldened by it, he should have had no hesitation in availing himself of it, had he any occasion.

Osmond spent part of the evening in again rambling about the city, and visiting some of the public rooms, which in Naples are reckoned peculiarly agreeable, answering the same purposes as the English coffee-houses, with this difference, that they have a double advantage with regard to society; ladies of the first fashion, as well as gentlemen, resorting to them, and passing their time in agreeable conversation.

Three days passed without any occurrence worth relating, during which Osmond was in momentary expectation of again hearing from the duke. On the morning of the fourth the following letter was delivered to him:—

To Mr. Munro.

"SIR.

" Notwithstanding the resentment your conduct has inspired me with, the friendship I feel for your father actuates me to make another effort to save you from destruction, by candidly informing you, a storm, you little dream of, is ready to burst on you, should you persist in your resolution of continuing here; but that this will be the case, I cannot believe—no, ere this, I both hope and imagine reflection, which I know often achieves what persuasion cannot, has made you sensible of the error you committed in opposing my wishes—an error, however, which I shall forgive, should I find you repentant.

"Your destiny is placed, I may say, in your own hands; should it, therefore, prove unfortunate, you will have no one to blame but yourself.

" I shall expect an immediate answer; for your own sake I trust it may be such a one as shall restore you to the friendship of

"O'SINISTER."

Without hesitation, though not without indignation, Osmond returned the following answer to his lordship:—

"My Lord,

"Were I to grant to threats what I have refused to solicitation, I should incur, what, since my commencement in life, it has been my study to avoid—my own contempt!

"Reflection, so far from convincing me I committed an error in resisting your lordship's wishes for my departure hence, has tended to convince me that I should have been guilty of an unpardonable one, had I acquiesced in them.

"If, therefore, nothing but acting contrary to my own sense of right can avert the storm you speak of, it must burst; for never will I purchase temporary safety by the voluntary forfeiture of self-esteem. I may be oppressed, but never can I feel humbled, while I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say, I merit not oppression.

"I remain, my lord,
"Your lordship's
"Obedient servant,
"Osmond Munro."

Had a doubt lingered in the mind of Osmond of Lord O'Sinister's having some secret motive for wishing to drive him from Naples, this letter would have removed it; but what this motive could possibly be, he was still at as great a loss as ever to conjecture.

Finding, the more he reflected on his conduct, the more agitated he became, he endeavoured, as much as possible, to divert his thoughts from dwelling on it.

He had dined, and was trying to amuse them by reading, when three ruffianly looking men, followed by Mactalla, pale with affright, abruptly entered his apartment and striding up to the table, at which he was sitting, the foremost, in no very complacent accent, inquired whether his name was not Munro?

"For if it be he continued, "we have an order to take you to the dungeous of the palace*."

[•] The ancient place of the sovereigns, near the Capuan gate, is now occupied by courts of law, and its cellars are transformed into dungeons for malefactors, and prisoners of all descriptions.

"The dungeons of the palace!" repeated Osmond, in a tone of surprise, and laying down his book; "and pray on what account?"

"Oh, that you'll hear when you get there; all we have to do is to lodge you there in safety, which to a certainty we shall, if your name be Munro."

"It is," said Osmond, impressively.

"No such thing—no such thing," cried Mactalla, coming forward; "by the Powers if you lay a finger on him," glancing at the ruffians with a countenance as crimsoned with passion as but a minute before it had been blanched by terror, "you'll repent it the longest day you have to live; for this is not Mr. Munro, this is Count Placentia."

"Count Placentia!" repeated one of the fellows sneeringly. Why, didn't he tell us himself this instant that his name was Munro?"

"Don't believe a word of it," cried Mactalla; "this is a common trick with him when he wants to have a little fun."

- "A little fun!—By the lord then he'll find he'll have no fun for saying so now," rejoined the ruffian "since his having done so will to a certainty lay him in one of the cold damp dungeons of the palace, except some one better known than your worship can testify his being Count Placentia."
- "My name, I repeat," said Osmond, impressively, "is Munro."
- "No such thing—no such thing," again vociferated Mactalla, almost out of breath with fear and agitation, and endeavouring, as he spoke, to catch the eyes of his master, in order to give him what he intended should be a significant wink.
- "Why, what stuff is this!" with a ferocious aspect, and in a surly tone, exclaimed another of the ruffians; "do you think we shall believe you before the gentleman himself?—no, no, the signor has acknowledged himself to be the man we want, so to prison he must go."

So saying, he and one of his com-

panions laid hold of Osmond, as if intending to drag him along.

"My friends," cried Osmond, with calmness, and disengaging himself from their grasp, "there is no occasion for violence. It is my intention to accompany you quietly."

"Accompany them quietly!" repeated Mactalla, aghast! "accompany such a set of cut-throat looking dogs, without knowing why or wherefore! no, no, you must not think of such a thing; let me call up the people of the house, and I'll answer for it we'll soon put them to flight."

"No," said Osmond, "I insist upon your not attempting a thing of the kind," (convinced, in his own mind, of this being the storm with which Lord O'Sinister had threatened him, and unwilling on many accounts to give the least publicity to the affair) "I insist on your not mentioning what has happened. Remain here quietly this evening, and to-morrow let me see you."

"Come, come, signor," cried one of the ruffians, impatiently, "we can tarry no longer;" and again he stretched out his arm, as if intending to seize Osmond's.

"I am ready to attend you," replied Osmond, eluding his grasp.

They descended the stairs in silence, and without encountering any one. One of the men led the way, and Osmond walked between the other two, followed by Mactalla, who could not be prevented attending his steps, to see where they would take him; lamenting all the way their ever having quitted the castle of Acerenza, the good Marchesa Morati, the kind Count Placentia.

"Oh, if they knew what was passing here," cried he, "to be sure they would'nt order out the travelling equipage immediately: but no matter—no matter, by blessed St. Benedict if things don't soon take a turn, they shall shortly hear from me."

On arriving at the prison, Osmond was

delivered over to the keeper. Mactalla was following him into it, when the fellow, in a fierce voice, demanding what he wanted, occasioned him to pause.

"Nothing in the world," said Mactalla, in a gentle voice, trusting complaisance might have a mollifying effect; "but only, like a dutiful servant, to be allowed to attend upon my good master here."

"Your master must do without attendance now," cried the keeper, in a still more surly tone: and rudely pushing him into the street, he slapped the ponderous door in his face.

Osmond was immediately after conducted to a dungeon, which, judging from the number of steps he descended to it, he concluded to be sunk far below the surface of the earth. As soon as he had entered it, the man who conducted him made a movement towards the door with the lamp, as if intending to leave him to all the horrors of darkness.

"May I not have a light;" asked Osmond in an agitated voice. ...

"Why, as you are not a malefactor, you may be indulged with one," grumbled out the man, "and with a clean truss of straw, provided you can pay for it."

Osmond drew out his purse; the man set down the lamp, and withdrew. In a few minutes he returned with the straw, which he spread upon a long broad bench, in a corner of the dungeon. While thus employed, Osmond, although he had scarce a doubt upon his mind of having been arrested at the suit of Lord O'Sinister, for the debt of three hundred pounds which he had contracted to his lordship in England, was induced, by a hope of being able to learn something of the further intentions of his lordship, to inquire whether he knew the cause of his imprisonment.

- "Why yes," returned the man, "'tis owing to a countryman of your own, a nobleman I think they style him."
- "Can you inform me whether he has given any particular instructions respecting me?" asked Osmond.

"I can give you no information on the subject," replied the man, surlily, "because 'tis not my business to tattle. His lawyer, I dare say, will be with you tomorrow, and then perhaps he'll gratify your curiosity."

He then, having received the money he demanded for what he termed his civility, withdrew for the night, carefully barricading the door after him.

On being left to himself, Osmond took up the lamp, to examine the dreary chamber, of which he had so unexpectedly become the inmate. He found it damp and miserable in the extreme; nor could he, though he elevated the lamp high above his head, discover either grating or aperture, through which the light of day could gain admission to it.

"In vain," sighed he, despondently, as he replaced the lamp on the rugged floor, "in vain does the sun arise for the inhabitants of these wretched cells; in vain for them the breath of heaven diffuse health and sweetness round; no cheering beam,

no renovating gale find entrance here; and to aggravate the horror of the circumstance, 'tis man, cruel and unfeeling man, that excludes the precious blessings—he who for his kindred being, at least, should feel some touch of pity."

That Lord O'Sinister would have acted as in the present instance, would have had the inhumanity, the illiberality to arrest him for a debt, which it might fairly be said he had forced upon him, Osmond's conduct, in taking no precaution for his safety, notwithstanding the threatening letter of his lordship, fully proved his having no apprehension.

That he had given instructions to have his confinement rendered as grievous as possible to him, under the idea, that in proportion to its horrors would be his eagerness to accede to any terms that should release him from it, Osmond entertained no doubt.

"But he will find himself mistaken," eried he, with an exulting smile, and a cheek glowing at the thoughts of an anti-

cipated triumph, as with agitated steps he paced his cell; "mistaken, in imagining coercive measures would ever bend me to his purpose; that for personal freedom I would ever submit to mental bondage—submit to be a slave rather than a prisoner!—no, equal to his malice shall he find my courage; his shafts may pierce, but they shall not subdue my spirit."

But transient was the satisfaction, the pleasure which Osmond derived from the thoughts of disappointing the malice, of resisting the tyranny of his persecutor: should he find him inexorable, determined to refuse him his liberty, except he acquiesced in his wishes, what then, he suddenly reflected, would become of him!

"But no, no, 'tis impossible I should find him so," he cried, starting, and recovering a little from the shuddering and sickening emotion this agonizing idea had given birth to; "impossible, except he is utterly devoid of sincerity, for he cannot regard the father and sacrifice the son; when he finds that I am not to be prevailed on to do what he requires, he will doubtless set me free.

"But, good Heavens! what may not occur in the interim," thought Osmond, striking his forehead, almost distracted at the idea, "while he is endeavouring to accomplish his views: the Duke D'Amalfi may send for me; Mrs. Raymond may contrive to give me some intimation of her abode, and with both perhaps I may be ruined for ever, by not being able to wait upon them immediately.

"Suppose I write to the tyrant," cried he, after musing a few minutes, "a calm and expostulatory letter, representing the uselessness of detaining me here, as my resolution is not to be shaken, and calling upon him, by the regard he entertains for my father, to restore me to that liberty which can alone enable me to discharge my pecuniary obligations to him; but no," he suddenly and passionately exclaimed, "no—perish the idea of supplicating him whom I despise, of asking a favour from him, who can no longer inspire me with

gratitude. Patiently and quietly I will, I am determined, await his decision."

But patiently and quietly he could not think of the consequences this decision must lead to, should it be unfavourable.

Vibrating between hope and apprehension, now flattering himself Lord O'Sinister would speedily open his prison gates, now desparing of their ever being unbarred, except he complied with the wishes of his lordship, which he solemnly vowed never to do; now dwelling with that agonizing fondness on the idea of his native home, the beloved connexions he feared he was for ever separated from, which the heart of feeling never fails of experiencing for the home and the friends it despairs of again beholding; now on that of the fair Cordelia, who, like a bright vision, had suddenly burst upon his sight, and as suddenly disappeared—he passed the greatest part of the night in pacing his dungeon, till quite exhausted by the agitation of his mind, he threw himself upon his straw, but had not rested many minutes on it,



when sounds of distress, perhaps imaginary ones, for at the moment he was in a state of mind perfectly calculated to give birth to such, caused him to start up, and again pace the cell with impatient steps. He heard, or fancied he heard, which had quite the same effect upon him, the clanking of chains, the groan of captivity, the long-drawn and piercing shriek of despair.

"Oh God! he cried, with uplifted hands, while the pangs of shuddering humanity, of agonized sensibility, bedewed his forehead with a cold perspiration, "if destined to remain in this situation, shut up my senses, that I may not hear the cry of distress I cannot alleviate, that so I may be spared the misery of knowing there are others as wretched as myself."

He again courted sleep, and at length it weighed down his eyelids; but frightful and unconnected dreams prevented its affording him refreshment. On awaking, he was somewhat surprised by finding

Mactalla beside him weeping at beholding him in so deplorable a situation.

The poor fellow, whom inquietude and concern about his master had prevented closing his eyes all night, and whom the first glimpse of day had found at the prison door, had fought a hard battle to get admittance to him. First he coaxed, as he called it—but to use his own words, might as well have whistled; then he scolded—but that only got him some hard knocks from the guards. At last he hit the right nail on the head, as he chose to express it; for inquiring for the keeper, he took him aside, and putting into his hand a purse, not badly filled, immediately obtained from him the indulgence he required.

Osmond, as he arose from his hard couch, thanked him for the anxiety he manifested about him.

"Thank me!—thank me!" cried Mactalla, scarce able to suppress the tears that again started to his eyes, "for only doing my duty; but did you sleep?" he continued, in an anxious tone, and looking alternately at the straw, and the heavy eyes of his master; "no, not a wink, I dare say; how should you indeed in such a place! Oh, the barbarians! to thrust any christian into such a hole, so damp, and so black, and so filthy.—Ah, this is not the way they treat prisoners in poor ould Ireland; there they let them walk about, as a body may say, at their liberty; but—but don't you think one can get some redress for this bad usage?"

"I don't know; I believe so," replied Osmond, scarcely conscious of what he was saying, so disturbed, so bewildered was he by his situation.

"To be sure they can," said Mactalla, receiving from himself the answer he wished for. "I mean to call directly upon the Duke D'Amalfi, who I know very well, having often seen him at Acerenza, and been noticed there by him—and a condescending agreeable nobleman he is, as any in this kingdom or the next to it—and

explain the whole affair in a handsome gentlemanlike manner to him; upon which I have no doubt he'll instantly say to me—Mr. Mactalla, be so good as to take this purse, with my kind compliments to your master, and tell him to pay his debt to that big rogue of a countryman of his."

"How!" cried Osmond, starting, and in an accent expressive of astonishment, "do you then know the cause of my confinement?"

"Do I—do you think I could have rested without learning it?—no, no; something struck me that it was owing to that blackguard of a lord in the Largo Castilio. He a lord!—by the Powers I'd be ashamed to be called a lord, after hearing of such conduct in one; so to put myself out of all doubt on the matter, away I posted from the prison last night to his house, and sure enough found I was not mistaken."

"And pray," demanded Osmond, in a collected tone and with a keenly scrutinizing glance, "what cause had you for suspecting lord O'Sinister of enmity towards me?"

Mactalla looked a little confused at this question, which Osmond perceiving, he pressed it still more home upon him; and, at length, received an explicit answer.

"Well," rejoined Osmond, "I must insist on your not commenting to any one on his lordship's conduct tawards me."

"To be sure," returned Mactalla; "as long as you have your hand in the lion's mouth, one must be quiet and easy; but as soon as it is drawn out, why then I hope one may have the pleasure of speaking their mind freely. But this is losing time; I'll fly to the Duke D'Amalfi directly, borrow the money we want, pay off this disgrace to our country, get a receipt in full of all demands, and then by the Powers you must give him a good big thrashing, and I'll stand by to see that no one interrupts you."

"Hold!" exclaimed Osmond, catching him by the arm, as he was hastening from the dungeon; "at your peril I charge you not to go to the Duke D'Amalfi; I would rather perish in this dungeon than be guilty of the indelicacy of soliciting such a favour from him as you allude to.

"Then pray," said Mactalla, with evidently forced calmness, and looking earnestly in his face, "how do you propose settling this affair?"

This was a question which Osmond was not prepared to answer—a question which he had not yet ventured to put to himself, and which now gave rise to emotions that caused him to turn with quickness from Mactalla, and again pace the cell with agitated steps.

"I say, signor," resumed Mactalla, following him, "if you disdain owing an obligation to his excellency, how, in the name of Heaven, do you expect to get out of this frightful place, or be revenged upon the old blackguard that put you into it?"

"No matter—no matter," cried Osmond, impatiently, and still endeavouring to avoid his eyes, by again turning from

him; "this is his hour," added he, scarcely conscious of what he was saying, "mine is yet to come."

"That's as much as to say," cried Mactalla, "that cats may mew, and dogs will have their day: by St. Benedict but you couldn't have said any thing more to the purpose; but, signor, let me implore you—"

Here the entrance of the keeper, to announce Lord O'Sinister's lawyer, interrupted him, and this gentleman expressing a wish to be left alone with Osmond, he was ordered to retire, which he accordingly did, but with a very bad grace, and not without a suspicious glance at the professional man.

"Well young man," began the lawyer, as soon as he found himself alone with Osmond, "I am come hither by the command of Lord O'Sinister, to inform you, that notwithstanding the ingratitude, insolence, and baseness of your conduct towards him, he is willing, out of compassion to you, and regard to your father, to

forgive the past, and restore you to freedom, provided you consent to quit Naples immediately, and accept the advantageous situation he has procured you in Jamaica."

"Never," cried Osmond, resolutely, and indignantly, "never; the liberty of which his lordship has deprived me is not half so estimable in my eyes, as that of which he seeks to rob me—the liberty of acting agreeably to the dictates of my reason."

"Your reason!" repeated the lawyer, with a supercilious smile; "take my advice, and let prudence dictate to you in the present instance."

"You already know my determination sir," said Osmond, haughtily; "it were superfluous, therefore, to repeat it."

"Then pray may I inquire how you hope to be liberated? for Lord O'Sinister desired me to tell you he is positively determined on keeping you in prison, except you comply with his wishes, till you have discharged your bond to him for three hundred pounds, bearing interest."



"Fairly and candidly," replied Osmond, "then, I inform you, that I behold no prospect whatever of being able to liquidate my debt to his lordship but by instalments, nor any chance of this prospect being realized, but by my immediate restoration to liberty. I have been recommended to the patronage of one of the most distinguished characters here, as his lordship knows; but can derive no advantage from the circumstance, if he keeps me in confinement."

"Well, I shall faithfully report what you have said to his lordship, but apprise you in time, that I have not the least idea of his liberating you, on any other condition than your consenting to quit Naples immediately."

"You will oblige me, sir," said Osmond, as if he had not heard this latter observation, "by letting me know his decision as soon as possible."

The other after a few more efforts to obtain from him the acquiescence his client

so much required, promised he would, and took his leave.

The keeper shortly after, entered with chocolate, for Osmond's breakfast. Osmond, surprised at his not being accompanied by Mactalla, inquired for him, and learnt that he had fled from the prison, as if bitten by the tarantula, just before the lawyer's departure

"In the course of my life," said the keeper, "I never saw a man perform greater antics. In spite of all I could do to prevent him, he would every now and then put his ear to the keyhole to listen to your conversation with the lawyer; then he'd skip about, clap his hands, return to the door, and play a thousand other pranks, till at last—'I have it,' cried he, striking his forehead, and off he flew."

Osmond was prevented reflecting on the strange conduct of his valet, by the number of lawyers that successively visited him, to offer their services, in endeavouring to arrange the affair that caused his im-



prisonment—services which he peremptorily rejected, from a thorough conviction of their proving of no avail; and at length, teazed and wearied by their intrusion, gave orders that another should not be admitted to him.

Scarcely had he issued these orders, when, to his great surprise, the Duke D'Angourmoise, a French emigrant nobleman, with whom he had formed an acquaintance at one of the public rooms, was introduced. His grace entered with a countenance overshadowed with gloom; and in the most lively terms, expressed the regret he felt at seeing Osmond in such a deplorable situation—a regret, he protested, heightened almost beyond endurance, by his inability to rescue him from it.

Osmond, penetrated and affected by such kindness in a stranger, could scarcely give utterance to the feelings it excited—feelings which rendered him quite forgetful, at the moment, of his having given himself some little claim to the attention and re-

gard of his grace, by having obliged him a few evenings back, with rather a considerable sum of money, in consequence of his droping a hint, inadvertently it appeared, of his being extremely embarrassed and distressed, owing to his not receiving a remittance he had for some time been expecting from France.

As soon as his emotion had subsided, he begged to know by what means his grace had discovered his being in confinement?

The duke looked a little confused at this question, but quickly recovering himself, said he had seen him entering the prison; "into which," added he, "I should have had no hesitation in instantly following you, for the purpose of inquiring whether I could have been of any service to you, but for the lateness of the hour. Friendship has now brought me hither; if, therefore, I can be of any use to you, point out the way, I implore you, and my zeal in your cause shall prove the alacrity and pleasure with which I undertake it."



Osmond thanked him most sincerely for his readiness to serve him; but in the present instance, said he much feared it would not be in his power. He then, apprehensive if silent concerning the cause of his imprisonment, his grace, whose esteem he was anxious to retain, from the high opinion he had conceived of him, might impute it to some dishonourable transaction, revealed the occasion of it, but with an injunction to secrecy; for though he could no longer consider Lord O'Sinister as his friend, he could not forget that he had been, as he imagined, the friend of his family, and on that account was unwilling to expose him to censure.

- "Ungenerous and illiberal indeed," exclaimed the duke, on Osmond's concluding his unvarnished tale, as if fired with indignation at the injurious treatment he had experienced—" By Heavens, this tyrant lord deserves to be called to a severe account for his conduct to you."
 - " And doubtless he will," rejoined Os-

mond; "the heart, my dear duke, seldom lets a cruel or ignoble action pass with impunity."

"Perhaps not," returned his grace; "but I must confess the punishment it may inflict would be quite too slow and secret to satisfy my vengeance, were I injured; but should his lordship shew a still stronger disposition than he has already done, to remain inexorable, shall I wait on him in your behalf?"

"I scarcely think," said Osmond, with a heavy sigh, "I shall be able to prevail on myself to make an overture to him; but should I, I shall most undoubtedly be happy to avail myself of your grace's kind offer."

He then invited his grace to partake of his breakfast, which had hitherto remained untouched; and while taking it, mentioned the number of lawyers that had called upon him.

The duke laughed at the recital.—
"Excuse my mirth," said he, "but the

astonishment you expressed at the number of lawyers that offered their services to you occasioned it, by bringing to my mind an anecdote of Pope Innocent the Eleventh, and the Marquis Carpio. The latter being desired by the former to furnish him with thirty thousand herd of swine, informed him that he could not possibly spare his swine; but if his holiness required thirty thousand lawyers, such a number was very much at his service. However," continued his grace, "notwithstanding their numbers they all contrive to get a living, the disposition of the Neapolitans being naturally fiery and litigious, insomuch that there are very few persons of distinction who have not a cause depending: for when a Neapolitan cavalier has nothing else to do, he very gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and tumbles over his papers, to see whether he cannot start a lawsuit, and consequently plague any of his neighbours."

" How greatly does this propensity to litigation prove them altered since the time

of Statius," observed Osmond, "at least if they then merited his eulogium on them—

"By love of right, and native justice led,
In the straight paths of equity they tread;
Nor know the bar, nor fear the judge's frown,
Unpractis'd in the wranglings of the gown."

END OF VOL. IV.

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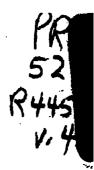
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